

THE MAGAZINE FOR AND BY BONDAGE PEOPLE

# bondage life

LD

VOLUME ONE, NUMBER FIVE • ADULTS ONLY • \$8

**STARRING THE  
NEW BOUND  
BEAUTIES OF  
HARMONY:**

★TERI DAVIS  
★ANNA NEIDER  
★STEPHANIE  
STRAND  
★SHANNON HALE  
★JANE THOMAS

**PLUS: GUIDE FOR  
BUYERS ★  
“TIELINES”  
GOSSIP COLUMN  
★ MOVIE PHOTO  
QUIZ**

★ **MOVIE REVIEW  
COLUMN**  
★ **NEW  
AMATEUR  
BONDAGE PHOTOS**  
★ **NEW BONDAGE  
FICTION BY THE  
AUTHOR OF  
“RONNIE”**









# Apologia~ The Rising Cost Of Bondage

**W**e had absolutely *no* choice about that new \$8 cover price – it was either raise the price or publish no more.

But we do owe you an explanation.

For openers, “Bondage Life” is *by far* the most expensively produced magazine in the bondage field and was probably underpriced at \$6 when compared to other bondage magazines selling for as much or more.

Our typesetting costs are probably ten times higher than whoever’s paying the second biggest bill. Our sixteen pages of full color runs more than the *complete* production costs of many other bondage magazines. And, finally, it’s hard to be competitive when you’re 80 pages and your competition is only 48.

At \$6, “Bondage Life” loses money. At \$8, it survives, provided it maintains its high sales level. Even so, at \$8, “Bondage Life” will still make less of a profit than many \$5 magazines, simply because of its very high production costs.

So why do it at all? Well, there is the pride which comes of authoring quality and quality is what this is. Commercially, it is an important flagship magazine for Harmony because it showcases new models and promotes new magazine ideas. So, there are both altruistic and practical reasons for continuing publication of “Bondage Life.”

Had circumstances allowed, we would have held the line on our price. But it eventually got down to charging more or giving the book up. To us, the best book in the field was worth saving.

Thank you.

Sincerely,  
HARMONY COMMUNICATIONS





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# bondage life

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# For The People



## INTRODUCING NEW BOUND BEAUTIES TERI DAVIS & ANNA NEIDER

That's Anna behaving deliciously dominant in the jodphurs and Teri looking delightfully distressed in the ropes and ball gag. And the bondage, you should note, is oh so tight.









## MEAN LADY DOWN

There was nothing nice or kind about the rough way Anna treated Teri on the preceding two pages, which is what makes it especially interesting to see her get brought down. There wasn't much warmth between them in the first place, so it was fun for all of us to tie Anna up very uncomfortably. But, even when she was tied up flat on her back, she cussed us out. We just sat there and enjoyed the view for about 25 minutes, which is how long it took for her to get smart and finally shut up. Then, figuring it was one way to get us to let her loose, she apologized. Naturally, we responded—by ordering Teri to gag her *real good*. Then, we considered Teri's suggestion that Anna be kept like that overnight. After thinking about it, we said no—a couple of hours would do.















# CAPTIVE

A Full-Length Short Story from  
the Author of “Ronnie” and  
“Holiday.”

*By Brian Sands*

I had been working all afternoon over the typewriter when I realized with a start that I had not replied to Peggy's invitation to spend a weekend in the country. It was Friday and already an hour after everyone else had left. I was too late to catch Peggy at her office and there was no reply to my insistent phone calls at her apartment. Cursing softly about the lost opportunity to relax over the coming long weekend, I shuffled the pages of the partly-completed manuscript into a folder, locked it away in a desk drawer, covered the typewriter and bolted for my car in the basement. Working late meant that I missed the heaviest traffic crowds, which was at least one small consolation for a tiring week. On my way up to my own apartment I picked up my mail from the box in the lobby, and when at leisure I sorted it in my lounge room there among the bills was Peggy's note. "Dear Ronnie," it read, "Sorry to miss you this week but I did not forget our date. I know how busy you are, especially now at publishing time, and I guess that a rest in the country will do you good. I can't make it for a day or so — sick relative — but you can make yourself at home whenever you like." And she gave the address. I was reprieved from a boring three days in my rooms.



Cheerfully, I prepared a light meal and when that was eaten at my leisure I showered and freshened up. It did not take long to pack my bag. Some changes of underclothes, a handful of scarves, a slack suit, a sweater, blouse and a spare pair of shoes went in. I changed into brown underwear—bra, panties, suspender belt and stockings—all the one colour, and slipped on a loose-fitting and comfortable dress which passed equally well for late afternoon wear and travelling. It was one of my favourites. Narrow-waisted, it had plenty of billowing skirt, long wide sleeves to the wrists, and buttoned up the front like a shirt. I gathered the waist in with a wide black belt which went well with the blue colour of the dress. I enjoyed the stroking of the light, silky rayon fabric brushing across my thighs as I moved, the real silk of my stockings complementing the sensuous feel of the material. I was unashamedly feminine, sensuous and enjoyed good clothes, though I could be pretty redoubtable at work. I knotted a wisp of pink silk at my throat, slipped on a medium high-heeled pair of blue shoes, grabbed my case and was off again.

Peggy's rented country house was a good way from the city and it took two hours of fast driving to reach the locality. I had a map and Peggy's directions were fairly precise so I had no difficulty finding it. It stood alone on a hillside and appeared to be almost the only dwelling in sight except for another across the opposite side of the broad valley almost entirely hidden by tall trees. I could see only part of the roof and chimney through a gap in the stand of pines.

I wasted no time in settling-in. The key was where Peggy had said it would be, the power was on, there was food in the refrigerator, and all rooms were spacious and thickly carpeted. The one I chose as my bedroom was upstairs and looked towards the house opposite in the trees. I put my suitcase on the bed, opened it and spread out my clothes, but before I packed them away in the wardrobe and dressing-table drawers I sat luxuriously in the old but cushioned rocking chair in front of my window. I did not bother to turn on the light of my room. Instead I sat still and drank in the beauty of the twilight.

I must have drifted off to sleep for some time, because when next I opened my eyes both the room and the out-of-doors were in darkness. A glimmer of light across the valley was all

that I could make out. I activated the luminous dial of my digital wrist watch and saw that it was 11:30. I switched on the light of my bedroom, walked down to the kitchen where I prepared a mild dry vermouth, and sat at the kitchen table writing a letter.

As I wrote, I began to feel uneasy. It was irrational, but the house was very quiet and there was no breeze or sound of bird or animal outside to break the stillness. It was just that I was not used to the country; its silence after the rush and hurry of the city weighed heavily as though it was there tangibly in the air. Then I heard the sound of a car's motor in the distance. The sound grew louder and I expected any moment for it to pass. It stopped. The house I was in was the only one on this side of the valley so I must be receiving a late night visitor. All at once I grew alarmed, and leaving the kitchen table I moved across quickly to the front door where softly I fastened the short chain-latch. At the same time there was the sound of steps coming up the gravelly path. I waited. The unseen visitor paused then knocked. I gave some time before answering, and taking a deep breath I opened the door a fraction and switched on the porch light. Standing slightly dazzled in its glow was a short and paunchy middle-aged man, balding and with a small moustache, the picture of middle-aged, middle-class hen-pecked manhood.

"Excuse me," he said diffidently, "My wife and I are new to the district and we're having trouble finding our destination." His voice paused, almost faltered before each long word he uttered. He went on in a kind of monotone, "If we could have directions..."

I let my breath out with relief, "Certainly. I'll get a map." I ran up to the bedroom only to remember that the map would most likely be in the car still. Back at the front door I unfastened the latch and opened the door wider. "Would you like to come in for a moment? I have to fetch the map from my car." The man thanked me and waddled into the room.

It did not take long before I was back. The fellow was standing awkwardly in the center of the room and I had almost to convince him that it was permissible to sit in the chair. Finally, after much apologizing for disturbing me at that late hour, he sat down. I spread the map out on the coffee table and we soon found that the house he was looking for was indeed the one on

the other side of the valley. I offered to lend him the map. "Oh no," he said, "We shan't have difficulty finding the turnoff. But would you like to meet my wife?" I followed him out to the car. "Dear, this is..." he paused. "My friends call me Ronnie," I said, cutting through the moment.

"Pleased to meet you, Ronnie," said the woman, and we shook hands. She was tall and angular with a high bobbed blue rinse hairdo, just the kind of woman I would have associated with that man. After exchanging a few pleasantries, I turned to go but she called me back. "Look...Ronnie, I know it's late but what the hell, we're on holiday. Won't you come down for a drink with us and our friends? Only a few minutes..."

I hesitated, then, "O.K. I'll use my car so you don't have to go to the trouble of driving me back," and I followed them after switching out the lights in the house.

The house on the other side was much larger than I had thought from a distance. With an upper story, it sprawled across a wide area bounded by the pine trees on every side. "These people like their privacy," I thought to myself. The husband and wife were standing in the open and lighted doorway by the time I walked up from where I had left my car. The man made an exaggerated bow, ushering me into a large marble-paved anteroom. Behind me the woman closed the heavy door.

I was led into the sitting-room and the fat man carefully prepared me a drink and fussily settled me into one of the arm-chairs. The woman entered and spoke: "It seems our friends have not arrived yet, so we're in the same boat." I had told them that I was waiting for my girlfriend to show up within a day or two. It was the husband's turn to leave the room to do further unpacking, and the woman, Mrs. Bavaglia, sat back and chatted with me. I began to feel drowsy, and taking up my carry-bag I prepared to leave. "Oh but you're not going yet are you?" she asked.

"I'd better," I replied, "You and your husband have to unpack, and I must finish mine too. Thank you for the drink. I think it's made me sleepy."

"Will these do, Dear?" said the husband suddenly from the door behind me.

There was something strained about his voice. It was not as indecisive as it had been before. I turned. He was standing in the doorway and his hands

Continued on Page 69





## WHY IS TERI DAVIS LOOKING SO ANGRY?

(Probably because we forgot to tie her feet)



# Another Bound Beauty



## Jane Thomas

The moment we met her, we dragged out all the old Klaw photos and showed her Betty and Lois and Shirley trussed in countless ways, pretty gags stuffed inside their mouths. We talked to her about the galvanizing effect of panties, on her body, in her mouth, around her mouth or down over her head. We told her she had the most wonderful bottom we've seen in years and we want to tie her every way we can to show it off. We told her that when we bend her forward to suspend that dazzling bottom high in the air, we expect her to bend a little farther on her own to make it even better. We've told her that we want her to want being gagged, we want her to want having her elbows drawn firmly together. We want her to be happy to be bound and gagged. We want her to be as obsessed with being bound and gagged as we are with seeing her that way. We wanted her to know all of this. She said she understood and that she was ready. We think it will go on for years with her. She thinks it will too.







**BONDAGE PARADE —**  
in which Teri Davis and  
Anna Neider swap ties.

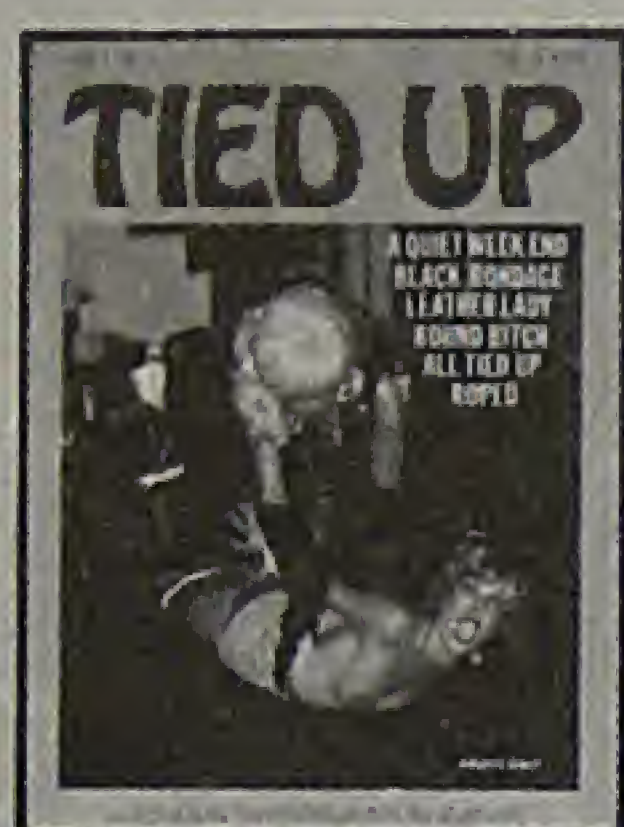
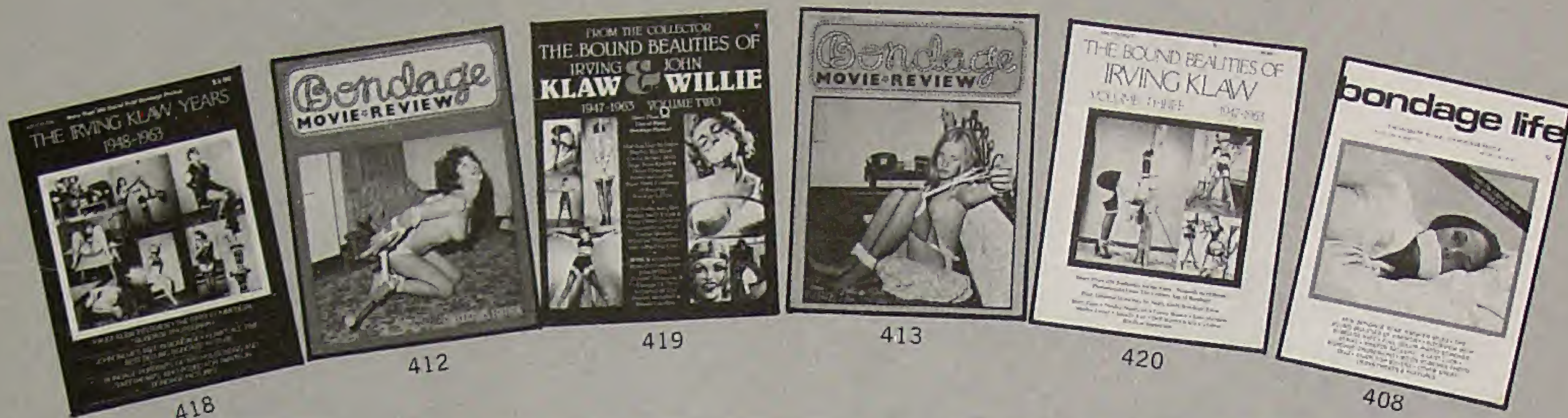








# Bondage magazines ...bound to please any enthusiast!



## BUY ANY 6, OR MORE, AND SAVE 10%

ENCLOSED, YOU'LL FIND \$ \_\_\_\_\_ IN ☐ CHECK OR ☐ MONEY ORDER, FOR THE ITEMS SELECTED BELOW. ☐ I'M ALSO TAKING THE 10% DISCOUNT FOR PURCHASING SIX, OR MORE, MAGAZINES AT THIS TIME. I CERTIFY THAT I AM AT LEAST 21 YEARS OF AGE.

Signature \_\_\_\_\_

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> 401 Best of Bondage 3/3 ..... \$3.95           | <input type="checkbox"/> 418 Irving Klaw Years 1/1 ..... \$6.00        |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 402 Best of Bondage 3/4 ..... \$3.95           | <input type="checkbox"/> 419 Irving Klaw Years 1/2 ..... \$6.00        |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 403 Best of Bondage 4/1 ..... \$3.95           | <input type="checkbox"/> 420 Irving Klaw Years 1/3 ..... \$6.00        |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 404 Best of Centurian Bondage 1/1 ..... \$5.00 | <input type="checkbox"/> 421 Joanne Link in Bondage-1.. \$6.00         |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> 412 Bondage Movie Review 2/4.. \$4.95          | <input type="checkbox"/> 429 TASKMASTER 3/2 ..... \$4.95               |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 413 Bondage Movie Review 3/1.. \$4.95          | <input type="checkbox"/> 430 TASKMASTER 3/3 ..... \$4.95               |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 414 Bound to Tease 1/1 ..... \$4.50            | <input type="checkbox"/> 431 TASKMASTER 3/4 ..... \$4.95               |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 415 CAPTURED 1/1 ..... \$4.50                  | <input type="checkbox"/> 432 TIED UP 1/1 ..... \$4.50                  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 416 CAPTURED 1/2 ..... \$4.50                  | <input type="checkbox"/> 433-235 BONDAGE PHOTOS . \$4.50               |
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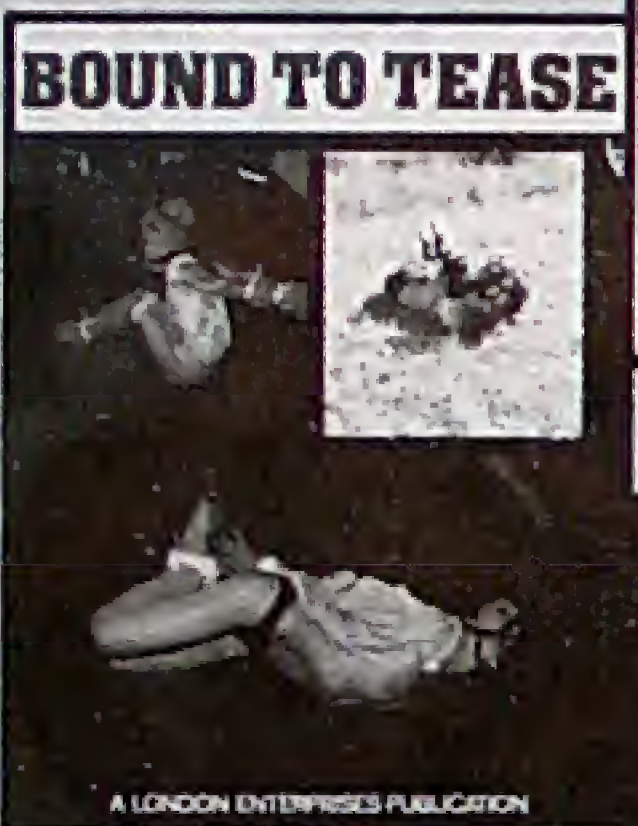
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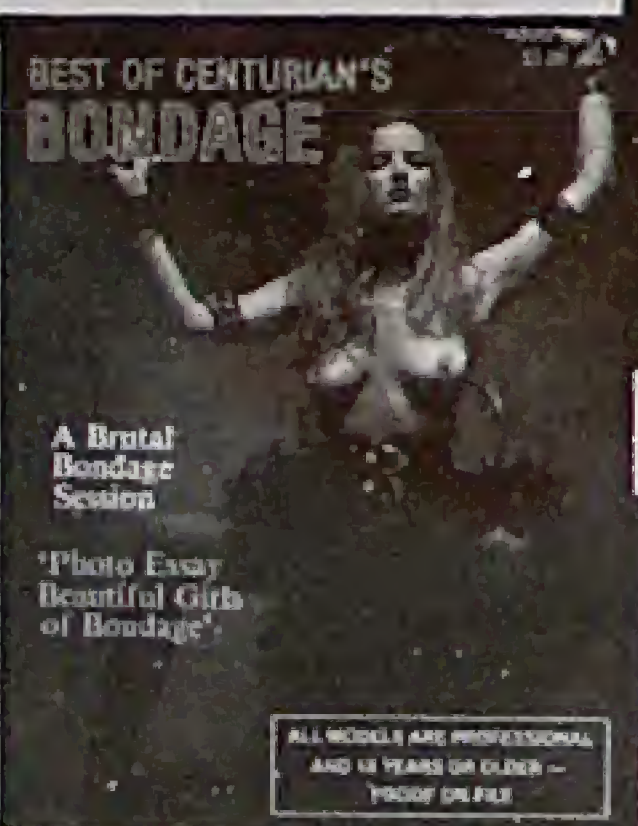
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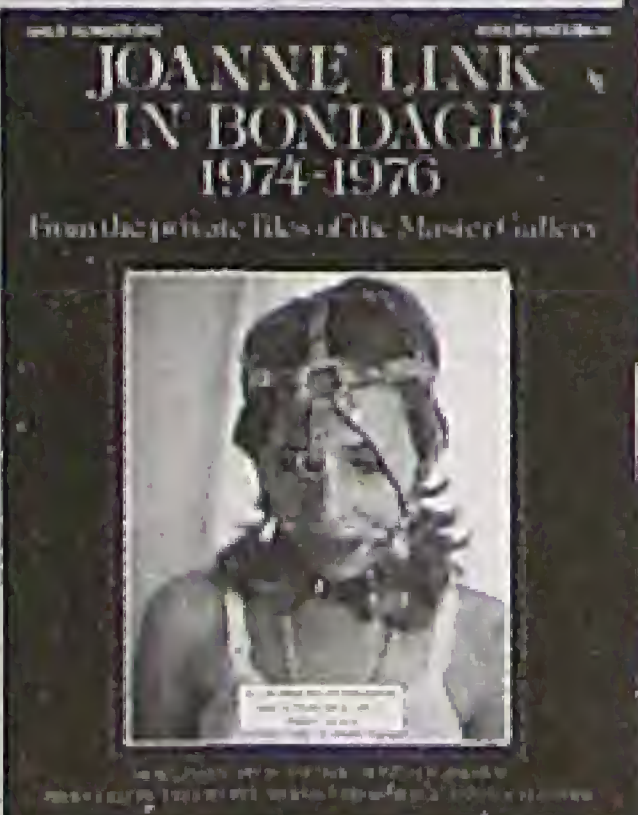
406



414



404



421



407



405



429



425



426



417



EACH MAGAZINE HAS AT LEAST 48 PAGES AND IS FILLED WITH BOUND BEAUTIES AWAITING TO PLEASE YOU!



422



430



401



428



402



415





## JANE THOMAS —DIALING FOR ASSISTANCE

These are scenes from Harmony Movie #4. We told Jane we would not untie her until she had figured out how to telephone the time recording. She managed to work the phone over to her, but couldn't get the right buttons pushed even though she tried at least 20 times (and worked up a big sweat). As a consequence, we left her bound and gagged just like this for about an hour while we selected some new panties and a different bondage position for her (see pages 25-27 and 37-39).















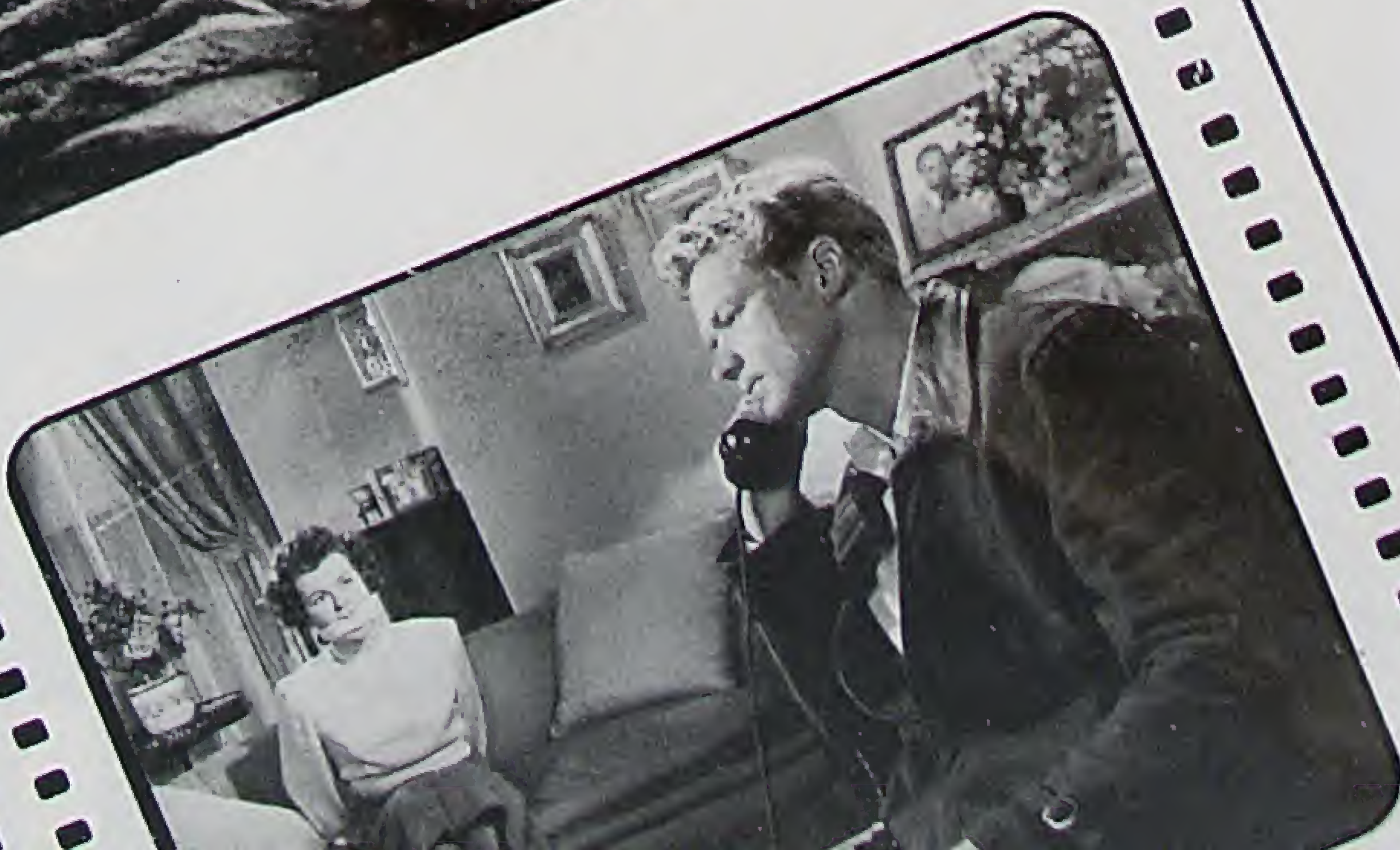


# MOTION PICTURE BONDAGE SCENES



MOVIE  
STAR  
NEWS

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14 TH ST  
NEW YORK  
10003







## THE BEAUTIFUL BONDAGE OF GWENDOLINE AS RE-ENACTED BY JANE THOMAS

Shades of the Sweet One! Was this not the pose that won our psyches when we were so much younger? Was this not what was done to Gwen to cause our emotions to swirl and tumble totally out of control? Was this not exactly the way Gwen was when we fell in love with her forever?











NOTE: Jane's fabulous bottom will be bound everywhichaway in future Harmony materials. This specific pose can also be seen in Harmony Bondage Movie #4, along with several others featuring both Jane and brunette Shannon Hale.





## TIELINES

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# THE SUBJECT IS BONDAGE

*By John North*

So, here we are at Issue Number 5, two years and a month after the debut issue of *Bondage Life* back in July, 1977. For those who keep track, this is the 33rd magazine we've either produced or written or both since we started up with Irving Klaw, Volume One in 1976. Here's the rundown: five Klaw volumes, plus the Klaw Archives and recent "Bondage – The Early 60's"...a pair of John Willie magazines and the John Willie Calendar (which we'll discuss at length later on)...a trio of the "Bondage Memories" photo booklets (with more on the way)...the five *Bondage Life* issues and two of "Secret Lady." Then, we've devoted two full magazines each to Jennifer West, Heidi Kester and Cheryl Rothman and one to Dawn Chauvain. There was "Bondage Story" and the wonderful "Long Day's Bondage for Jennifer" (one of our personal favorites), the two "Perils" and one "Dominated" volumes which we only sponsored and the two Buyer's Guides which we compiled and wrote in association with S.O.A. Least satisfying? The "Secret Lady" project, mainly because it was just too ambitious and needed a dozen more hands to make it work. Plenty of pretty ladies, but not enough tiers, cameras and time, ultimately exhausting. Strangest results? Well, the John Willie Calendar for one since very few people ordered it, which frankly baffled us. We can certainly appreciate its possibly limited use as a calendar – for those people who feel this is one facet of their life they don't wish known – but the 17 wonderful photographs on the calendar were precious and rare and we really thought it would fly. On the other hand, we're very pleased with the positive response we've had to all of our other publications, especially the recent applause of our bondage techniques. So now, what about the future? Well, certainly more *Bondage Lives* if that stepped-up cover price doesn't affect circulation too drastically and plenty of showcase magazines of single models shown in bondage studies ala the Jennifer West magazines. Finally, we think we may have a regular *monthly* magazine idea in our "Bound Beauties of Harmony," which bows next month. We'll attempt a storyline bondage photo book from time to time, but nothing quite so crowded as "Secret Lady" when we overreached ourselves and caused it to be less than it should have been. Our most far-ranging next step will be the probable additions of some tastefully done nude bondage



magazines since there was strong reader support for that format in our recent poll. According to that poll, a great many of our readers would like to see our idealized soft-bondage technique applied to unclothed bondage beauties...To dispose of at least one oft-asked query, we do not accept ads, personal or otherwise, since we want to avoid the appearance of over-commercialization. That full page Miss Vickie Lou ad in the preceding *Bondage Life* was our way of thanking her for the interview (which is being picked up verbatim in *Nugget* and *Cavalier* magazines). Speaking of Miss Vickie, she is still active despite reports to the contrary...Did you catch a magazine a few months back titled "Bondage Advocates?" Well, if you liked those pictures,

you can thank Dorthey Bynum, whose pictures those were. For more just like them, drop Bynum a line at 210 North Second Street, Pottsville, Pennsylvania 17901...The Torch is Passed: Ira Kramer, the youthful, but terribly energetic and bright issue of Paula Klaw and the late Jack Kramer, is now mind-ing the Movie Star News store. After all those years of helping her famous brother Irving and then carrying on after his death, Paula has all but handed the reins over to Ira who is already hustling to restore the company to its former glory. For one, he is adding new movie bondage photos to the inventory with all the Klaw briskness of yesteryear. His complete movie bondage photo brochure sheet is out now (with alphabetized listings yet), so drop him a

line and the customary \$1 postage-and-handling fee and he'll mail your brochure back to you faster than you can decide whether Virginia Mayo was gagged more often in movies than Maureen O'Hara. In case you don't have it at the ready, the Movie Star News address is 212 East 14th Street, New York, New York 10003...Bondage amid the Best Sellers: check out the presently popular "Dreemz" and "9½ Weeks" for further proof that bondage is settling into the public consciousness. Both books were major best-sellers during recent months. "Dreemz" features one right-on reference to bondage and recurring references to spanking. The bondage situation arises when the protagonist bungles up a lady friend's request to be tied. Later, a more knowing female acquaintance tells him that he should have tied the other lady on the floor in a kneeling position with an apple stuck in her mouth. "9½ Weeks" doesn't merely refer to bondage; it is *about* bondage. The autobiography profiles a woman's relationship with a male executive who maintains her in constant afterwork bondage, going even so far as to keep her handcuffed during baths. Since the book is so highly readable on its own, the bondage theme can be taken as just that much more of a bonus...We interrupt this column to advise you that Ira Kramer of Movie Star News has unearthed the long-ago title of the rediscovered Betty Page pinup movie he has been advertising as #125. Plowing through old file back in the Movie Star News stockroom, he encountered the title: "Tantalizing Betty Dances Again," which is how he would like you to order it...An associate of Eric Stanton has produced a crackerjack Super 8 color bondage movie featuring an enticing brunette model enduring what we counted to be an even dozen different bound and gagged positions. It is a very good film which lasts about 14 minutes and is titled "Karen in Bondage." It's yours for \$40. Order from Eric Stanton, Box 163, Gracie Station, New York 10028...Alright, already—so the type lice got loose in the last issue of *Bondage Life* and scrambled the answers to four of the five bondage movie photos. We've rerun all five of the photos here with the *correct* identifications beneath...A persuasive number of readers say we're mistaken about that being Lori Nelson on that page 37 of *Bondage Life* 4. Quite a few name her as Dani Crayne in a scene from the 1957 Western "Shootout at Medicine Bend"...On



Margaret Hayes "The Lady Has Plans"



Claudine Auger "That Man George"



Stefanie Powers "Die! Die! My Darling"



Suzanne Lloyd "Return of Mr. Moto"



Sylvia Sims "Danger Route"



February 18, the Providence (R.I.) Sunday Journal carried a lengthy report on the Kane Photo Company's legal entanglement over Rhode Island's "new obscenity law." The article stated that local and state police had conducted a Valentine Day's raid on Kane's secluded farmhouse near Providence and collected "thousands of photos, several bondage magazines, photographic equipment and a host of paraphernalia." The story went on to report that Kane had been under investigation for six months. One of Kane's people was quoted as saying he wasn't sure what Kane would do now. "They took our photography equipment, so we're out of business." According to the news report, Kane plowed its earnings back into the purchase of paraphernalia. "We're very poor," said the young woman who helped operate Kane Photos. "We took most of the money we made and sank it back into the operation to get more props. After all, it was work we enjoyed." An important point made in the article was that Kane was told last year that its work did not violate federal obscenity statutes, but that the company had been unsuccessful in finding out what types of pictures came under Rhode Island's new obscenity statute. That's really all we have on this for now, but we'll probably be posted on further developments which we'll pass along to you as we can...Like our new movies? They're only going to get

better now that we've learned the lesson of avoiding storylines and concentrating on good tight bondage, same as our magazines...There's a movie making the rounds these days name of "Jennifer," which is dreadful except for the wonderfully drawn-out scenes of luscious female lead Lisa Pelikan in bondage. Her mouth is taped beautifully and for several scenes and that makes the movie bearable for some of us...When you're around Los Angeles, drop in on the Galaxy Bookstore on Santa Monica Boulevard near the Hollywood Freeway and check out the bins of *individual* color and black and white bondage photos for sale. We like that idea of just tossing photos loose into a big bin and letting customers select individual shots, rather than getting stuck with photo sets. Good merchandising by Galaxy and a good opportunity for selective bondage buffs...Here's something to add to the "At the Villa Rose" story we reported two issues ago—the superbly-written 1916 fiction by A. E. W. Mason which may have triggered John Willie's passion for bondage. The new information we've received is that the book was adapted as a live stage play and ran for some time in London's West End during the 1940's. Later, it was filmed with Judy Kelly starring as the victimized Celia. Still later, it was adapted for radio. Curiously, it has never been tried on television which really should serve it well. Ah,

well...Quick question: what actress was gagged 672 times on stage before live audiences? Answer: Gertrude Lawrence, whose performance in her husband Noel Coward's play "Tonight at 8:30" ran for 1½ years in London (see photo). Valerie Hobson got muffled in the movie version about a quarter-century ago...Trying to photograph bondage scenes off your television set? Try Tri-X film, a tripod, shutter speed of 1/60th and a wide-open F Stop, although even up to an 8 F Stop should be okay...Skye has a pair of new publications for anyone who likes males in bondage: "Bound For Torment" (\$3) and "Sport of Girls" (\$2). Add \$1 for postage and handling and order from Skye Publications, Box 324, Riverside, Illinois 60546...While you're at it, send \$1 to Photo Talents, Box 1195 G.P.O., Evanston, Illinois 60204 with a request for its new brochure sheet about new bondage photos, newsletters and the like...Most unusual requests since the last Bondage Life: a reader asking for bondage photos showing that the ears are somehow hooked up with the rest of the bondage and a request from the snow country for pictures of a girl bound while wearing very elaborate fur clothing, boots, parkas, et al. We have one reader who has chided us several times for what he takes to be our overuse of black panties. This gentleman has 200 panties of his own, not one pair of which is black. He advises us to toss our black ones into the trash. Truth is, it's difficult to find good-looking old-fashioned lingerie these days. Most common requests we have yet to fill are for bondage photos of cheerleaders and cowgirls, fairly easy-to-appreciate requests...How about 1856 as the copyright date of a book featuring numerous bondage scenes? Well, "The Confessions of Maria Monk," written way back then, does in fact deal with the theme quite extensively, we're told—leather ball gags and plenty of other bondage what-nots—but, be warned, there is also quite heavy and quite explicit sex involved throughout the book...Final thought until next time: we have stacks of those John Willie Calendars still on hand and don't believe that a true-blue Willie fan ought to be without one. So, for as long as our supply holds out, we'll send a free one to every customer who orders three or more of our publications at one time and actually requests a Willie calendar. Remember to ask, please, just for the sake of keeping it all neat and orderly. Thank you. □



**THE BIG MOMENT FROM A BIG EVENT**—This is a still from "Tonight at 8:30," the Noel Coward play of the 1930's which became a movie in 1952. The actress shown here is Valerie Hobson. According to theatrical record books, Coward's wife, Gertrude Lawrence, got gagged like this 672 times, not including rehearsals, when the play ran in London for 1½ years during the early 1930's.





Four more for your shopping pleasure — a publishing giant, an interior designer catering to the bondage trade, an old-line mail order bondage firm, and some distaff newcomers who seem to think that Bound Beauties should be male, rather than female.

## Bondage Life's Guide For Buyers

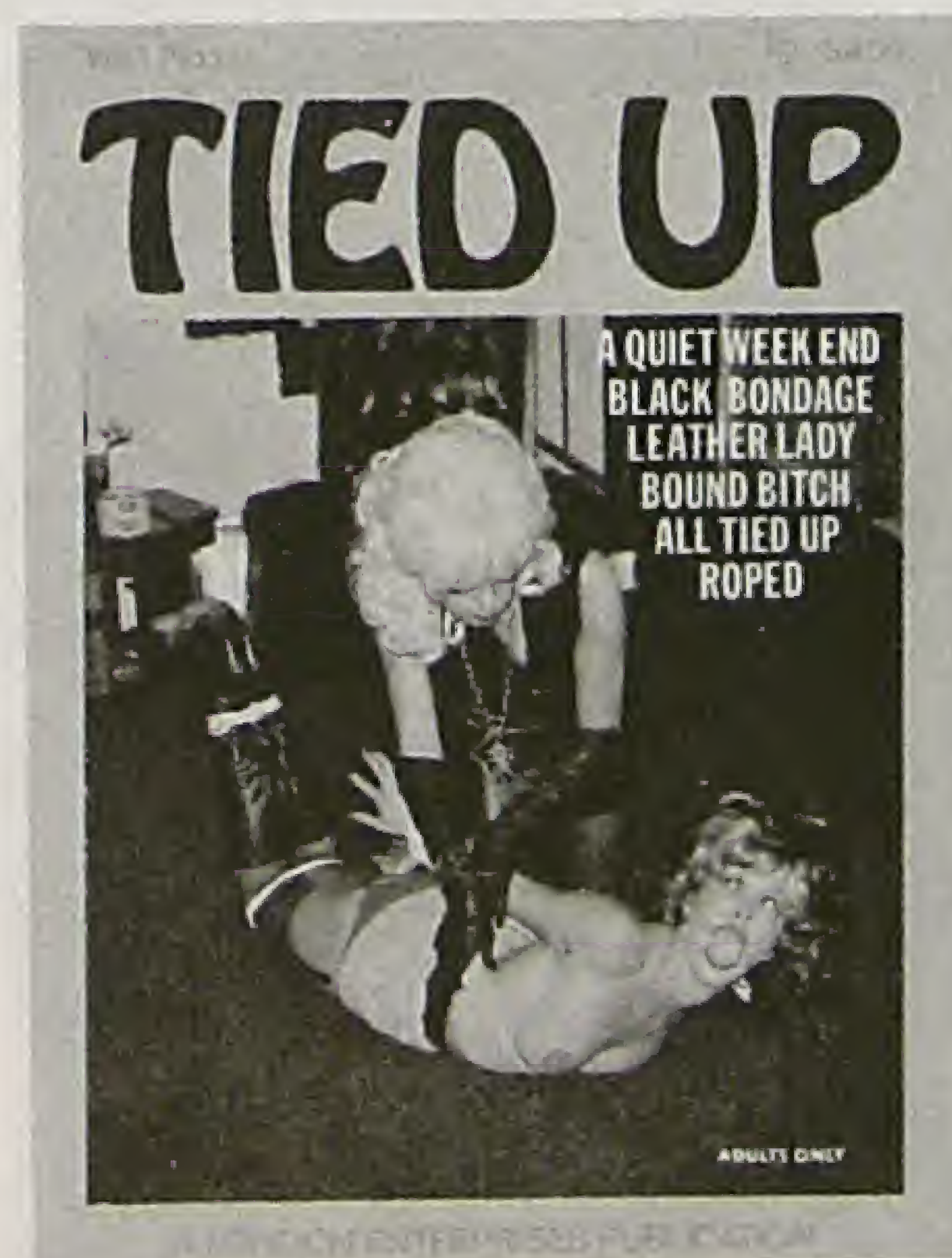
**LONDON PUBLISHING**  
15756 Arminta Street  
Van Nuys, California 91406

You can count the true-blue superpowers of bondage publishing on the fingers of one hand and you should have about four fingers left *after* you've counted this one.

No one - repeat, no one - publishes more bondage magazines than London. And no one cuts quite so wide an editorial swath—the earthy come-as-you-are pretenselessness of such enduring London publications as “Tied Up,” “Captured,” “Bound to Tease” and “235 Bondage Photos,” the Centurian catalog showcase magazines, and, finally, the softer end of the bondage spectrum via the books London sponsors in association with Harmony Communications. London gives you all you want and then some when it comes to bondage magazines.

Two of London's most recent best sellers are “Bondage Advocates by Bynum” and “Tangled,” a bondage magazine with some emphasis on wrestling.

London's standby magazines like “Tied Up” and “Captured” feature bound and gagged heroines who are less privileged in terms of wardrobe, makeup and even bondage compassion than their counterparts in other publications. London's staff photographers care not a whit about m'lady's attire, coiffure or comfort—models get trussed and gagged however they look when they come through the door. In this sense, London's photos are less stagey than those in rival publications.



That editorial frankness - which is exactly what it is - extends to the text of London's house magazines—sparse and explicitly sexual. No grammatical snobbery here— whoever cranks out London's text isn't stroking anybody. Four letter words abound and there's a gem of a 10 letter one popping around from page to page.

Generally, London's books contain a half-dozen or so photo storylines, almost always told from the captive's point of view. Inevitably, the plots begin pre-capture and conclude some-



what after subjugation, by which time our female seems sexually intrigued by her predicament.

Unless otherwise stated, these magazines are 48 pages long, including 8 in color, and cost \$5. The company offers a 10% discount on buys of six or more magazines and accepts VISA and Master Charge, as well as checks and money orders.

Send \$1 for brochure material, along with your signed statement that you are over 21 and aware that you are requesting sexually-oriented material.



**ZINNACRAFT**  
**Box 7027**  
**Hollywood, Florida 33021**

Some captivating things for homebodies.

Since 1975, Zinncraft has offered provocative home furnishings for bondage buffs: lacing tables, whipping benches, adjustable floor model impalers, stretching racks, A-Frames, special crosses, beams, posts, platforms, stocks, pillories, cages.

Cages?

Yep.

Lately, Zinncraft has bolstered its line with such unusual wearing apparel as female body harnesses, breast compressors, male and female chastity devices, leather and rubberwear, and a whole gaggle of other titillations, including one little beauty called "Devil's Delight," a fiendish leather and metal ring contrivance that clamps onto a guy's you-know-what in firmer than firm embrace.

Naturally, there are all kinds of leather bindings, gags, discipline helmets and other bizarre what-nots with which to keep your special someone either in or on-line.



Presently Zinncraft is beefing up its film and photo line. There are 4000 color photos in stock (six photos for \$7.50 with nude females in bondage as the subject). Movies are available in



Super 8 color and sell for \$45 with sound and \$40 without sound. The films feature pretty heavy going, more S/M than B/D, according to Zinncraft spokesmen.

Send \$5 for Zinncraft's "Dungeon Toys for Loving Girls and Boys" catalog and \$3 for the company's catalog of "sexy leisure/boudoir fashions."



**ROSSLYN NEWS**  
**Box 1001**  
**Studio City, California 91604**

*"Breathes there a bondage man with  
soul so slow  
that about Rosslyn he does not know?"*

Bad poetry; good point. It is completely inconceivable that there is a bondage devotee anywhere on earth who does not know about this company—Rosslyn has been producing bondage related material for 15 years and is presently the field's senior citizen and possibly its most prolific.

Actually, Rosslyn focuses on five subjects: bondage, wrestling, spanking, mixed wrestling and female domination. If any or all of those suit you, Rosslyn can offer you black and white photos, color photos, magazines, booklets and film. And, when you ponder that 15 years of steady production, you get a fair idea of just how truly awe-

some the Rosslyn inventory is.

The company's bondage photos includes nudes, semi-nudes and fully dressed, tied in all the ways a beautiful woman can be tied. For \$2, Rosslyn ships you a very generous supply of illustrated brochure sheets from which you can make your selection.

Meanwhile, here are some of the basic facts: black and white photo sets, consisting of eight 4 by 5 photos, cost \$3. Color sets, again with eight 4 by 5 prints, run \$5 each. Bondage photo booklets tab out at \$4 and the Rosslyn line of standard-size bondage magazines are priced between \$4 and \$6. Color film runs \$25 for 200 feet of Super or Regular 8 and there are some regular 8mm black and white bondage movies available for \$14. In all, Rosslyn has 300 bondage movie titles from which to select.

Rosslyn is a very good company—reliable and offering high quality merchandise at fair prices.



*and introducing...*

**THE CLOAKROOM**  
**Box 1577**  
**Oceanside, California 92054**

According to Pamela Peterson, one of its four founders (the others are identified as Diane, Karen and Linda), this company got going about a year ago—a company for males who like to be dominated by females... "Domestic Discipline" and "Petticoat Punishment" is the way Pamela Peterson put it in her letter to us.

For now, the company offers a catalog for \$4 from which prospective buyers can order photos, audio tapes, rattan canes, birch rods, hairbrushes, school straps, and, here's Pamela again, "...other aids to assist a dominant wife or girlfriend in behavioral control of her mate."

More photo sets, tapes and some custom made bondage equipment and color movies are being phased into the inventory. Photo sets generally consists of 20 photos and cost between \$10 and \$20. Movies are by special order with negotiable rates. Materials are mailed first class in plain wrappers.

Drop them a line and see what gives.



# BOUND FOR HOLLYWOOD

By Carl McGuire



Four avenging angels and the poses that made them great: Clockwise from above—Honor Blackman, who was seen only by the lucky British; Linda Thorson, in another typical fix; new girl Joanna Lumley, today's special with an apple in her mouth; and the extraordinary Diana Rigg, waiting for a train.



## THE AVENGERS

It was funny and thrilling and sexy—a little kinky even—and veddy British. It happened to American television about a dozen years ago. It was *The Avengers*, and there has never been another entertainment quite like it.

Patrick Macnee was the secret agent extraordinaire; and, depending on the season, there was his female sidekick of the moment. Early on, she was Honor Blackman, the redoubtable Pussy Galore of "*Goldfinger*," but those episodes were never seen in this country. The latter part of the series featured Linda Thorson, a black-haired bird with a perpetually quizzical air and a slight tendency to plumpness.

But to many, *The Avengers* heroine without peer was...Diana Rigg. Tall, graceful, with a cameo face framed by dark, straight hair and with a cello for a

voice. She of the dazzling smile, the sardonic wit, and the unflappable cool.

Burdened with the name Emma Peel (she once told an interviewer it was a play on "M. appeal—man appeal," surely one of the worst puns to originate on either side of the Atlantic), Rigg first was characterized as a "talented amateur" assistant to Macnee's John Steed, but she quickly grew out of her assistant's role and developed her own legion of devotees. When, after she left the series in 1967, she went on to do Shakespeare and Broadway theater and to appear as a superlative Ian Fleming heroine in "*On Her Majesty's Secret Service*," no one was the least surprised. The lady has class.

The kinkiness, or what one reviewer called the series' "good-natured fetishism," was never blatant, but it had a

pleasant way of popping up occasionally. Diana Rigg's wardrobe, for example, particularly during the first season. When evil was afoot and she went stalking it, she donned a form-fitting jumpsuit, all black leather and buckles and zippers—and boots, to boot. Later on in the series, when she traded in the leather for a rather ordinary selection of pants outfits, she broke thousands of hearts.

As if to acknowledge other fetishist leanings among its viewers, the series occasionally gave a nod in another direction—the British affinity for rubberwear, for instance, as in a couple of episodes featuring a lot of obligatory wearing of rubber mackintoshes, rain hats and galoshes. And those whose particular kink is girl fighting could be assured of seeing a good deal of that as well, for Rigg and Thorson had innumerable villainesses to contend with.

And there was some subtle tinkering with sex roles, quite a departure for 1960s television. Rigg, for all her femininity, was all but unconquerable in hand-to-hand combat. Macnee, for all his masculinity, was something of a dandy; when in a fight, he usually resorted to his cane rather than his bare hands.

Finally, there was the undeniable emphasis on bondage. Almost one out of three episodes contained a sequence involving a bound female, arguably a record unequalled by any other series.



Rope, chain, handcuff, straight-jacket—The Avengers' script writers seemed to have an unending supply of ideas. Chair, table, buzz saw, railroad tracks—they didn't miss many methods, or locations, or situations. Even some of the creakiest, most melodramatic lady-in-distress plot devices were dredged up, given a fresh twist and made entertaining all over again.

Nor is it entirely finished: Last fall, CBS-TV began showing *The New Avengers*, the latest incarnation of the old series, with Macnee back in his old role and Joanna Lumley introduced as his capable assistant. A lanky, pretty redhead with a Joan of Arc haircut and a genuine talent for athletics, she has already managed, after only a few episodes, to get herself tied up in knots a number of times. She'll do.

But for many of us, the old episodes cannot be equalled. And, happily, television station managers around the country agree, for *The Avengers* are in syndication and have a way of reappearing in almost every big city from time to time.

For those interested in tracking down the bondage scenes in this delightful series, the following list will be helpful. The quoted material in each entry is the description of the episode as found in *TV Guide* magazine. The entries are arranged in general order of excellence, from one to four stars. And the judgments of this critic are, as usual, highly opinionated and totally arbitrary.

★

"Steed poses as an investor to investigate the sudden deaths of several top financial executives"—Rigg, wearing that photogenic jumpsuit, her hands tied in front.

"The Avengers investigate an enigmatic multimillionaire who is smuggling vast sums of currency out of England"—Rigg, wearing a riding outfit, her hands cuffed in front around a bedpost.

"The Avengers follow a trail of several agents who disappeared at a remote seaside resort"—Rigg, seen briefly tied to a saddle and other equestrian gear inside a stable.

"The Avengers contend with suddenly insane ceramic manufacturers and a tycoon who wants to eliminate the competition"—Rigg, arms and legs free but shoulders roped to the back of a swivel chair. When the fighting begins, she and her chair get around surprisingly well.

"Overwhelming evidence indicates

that Tara passed defense secrets"—Thorson, standing in the corner of a boxing ring, her arms tied along the top ropes. Later, during her rescue by Macnee, she helps out as best she can by applying a scissors hold with her legs.

"'Who's who?' is a logical question when *The Avengers* lookalikes liquidate British agents"—Blonde villainess Patricia Haines, her back to a post, each wrist handcuffed to that of her male accomplice.

"The Avengers get help from the other side in investigating the death of an enemy agent"—Anna Quayle, playing the whole thing for laughs, is a Russian agent who is tied and gagged with neckties ("Hmm," Macnee comments as he frees her, "the old school tie.") and thrust into a coffin.

"The Avengers check out the death of several forestry experts"—Thorson, tied to a chair with an artfully-designed network of rope.

"Tara is plagued by a nitwit substitute partner as she tries to plug a security leak"—Pretty brunette Joanna Jones, seen briefly wearing gag and chains while imprisoned in a light-house.

★★

"Steed and Mrs. Peel face a shrinkage problem: A treasury official and the Rolls-Royce he was driving have been miniaturized"—Rigg, tied at wrist and ankle, maneuvers her hands onto a desktop behind her so that a now 4-inch-high Macnee can sever the rope with a letter opener. "Steed," she inquires whimsically after overcoming the shock of seeing her miniaturized friend, "is everything to scale?"

"Steed's only lead to the death of an agent is a department-store sales slip issued on a day the store was closed"—Quickly and unceremoniously unrolling a large rug, Macnee discovers Rigg, bound, gagged, and slightly dizzy from the magic-carpet ride.

"The Avengers vs. Circe Bishop and company, who plan a world-shaking gambit"—Thorson, tied to a tabletop and wearing a black cloth gag, is the unwilling object of the attentions of a gentleman with a knife.

"The Avengers investigate the British Venusian Society, a group of amateur astronomers who are mysteriously dying one by one"—Rigg, bound to an eye doctor's examination chair by a set of leather straps, is threatened by a villain with a laser gun.

"A 'Legacy of Death' begins when Steed receives a mysterious dagger"

—Thorson, bound face-up under something resembling a Ming Dynasty espresso machine, is questioned by an enemy who encourages her with a steady drip-drop of water on her forehead. Rescued (?) by Villain No. 2, she is dismayed to find that he employs the same method.

"The Avengers arrive at Steed's old army base to discover the bar open, the music playing, but the camp deserted"—Macnee finds the hapless Rigg gagged, tied with straps and tilted back in a dentist's chair.

★★★

"Steed and Mrs. Peel investigate a series of murders that occurred in freak rainstorms"—Interrogated, Rigg is tied under a precision wine press that is lowered an inch at a time...

"The Avengers probe the mysterious deaths of government personnel on a top-secret project"—Tied to a workbench as bait for Macnee, Rigg is gagged with a cloth stuffed in her mouth, then encased in metal foil as the bench is charged with electricity. Happily, her rescuer remembers to wear his galoshes.

"A woman confronts Steed with the claim that she has been employed to impersonate Mrs. Peel, but doesn't know who hired her"—Enlisting the help of a dizzy blonde, Macnee takes her for a cab ride, tapes her mouth in mid-sentence, ties her wrists (while she expostulates under the tape and the cabbie risks a collision by trying to see what's going on in the back seat), and finally delivers her to the white slaver's doorstep. When, looking out of the peephole and beholding a girl wearing adhesive tape over her mouth, the doorkeeper asks, "Who's there?" Macnee replies, "Special delivery... perishables."

"The Avengers set out to find a cure for a mysteriously fatal sneezing epidemic"—Thorson is wrapped in a straitjacket and locked in a cell. Later, she is tied with her wrists attached to an overhead pipe.

"A crazed movie producer and his two forgotten stars plot to kill Emma Peel"—Rigg, bound upright to a wooden frame, engages in some characteristic banter with her gloating captor. Later, in a scene right out of "Perils of Pauline," she is tied on a conveyor belt leading to a buzz saw. As the would-be Von Stroheim cranks his camera, the saw is activated, the belt begins to move, and... Has anyone see John Steed?

"Steed and Mrs. Peel investigate the



disappearance of secret missile documents"—The black leather-clad Rigg, chloroformed by two assailants, awakens to find herself gagged and roped into a chair. Pointing at her is a pistol, a cord leading from the trigger to the doorknob. And the doorknob is beginning to turn...

★★★★

"Britain's secret agents are feeling slightly insecure: a traitor has penetrated the Ministry of Top Secret Information"—Thorson lies strapped to an operating table, electrodes at her head, for some sort of mad-doctor shenanigans. The scene preceding this one, in which she and the table are wheeled into an elevator, should be filed under Great Moments in Gagging: Awakening from a chloroform-induced stupor, she looks around at the unfriendly faces, realizes she's a prisoner, opens wide to scream...just as a sizable rubber ball is plopped into her mouth.

"The directors of a construction company are murdered, one by one. Among the clues: an oversize footprint, a magic wand and a clown mask"—Thorson, gagged and tied to a chair, her booted legs crossed tailor-fashion on the seat of the chair (for modesty's sake, Wardrobe had thoughtfully fitted her with culottes rather than a real skirt). Later, a demented magician locks her in a steel, saw-the-lady-in-half box, her head protruding, and begins cutting the box down the middle—with a blowtorch. In both situations, Thorson moans and rolls her eyes in a manner that Pearl White would have thoroughly approved.

"Investigating an old friend's murder, Mrs. Peel undergoes medieval punishments in a village used as a killing ground by murderers"—Rigg, imprisoned with a number of others in a museum of medieval artifacts, is locked in an iron chastity belt, which in turn is chained to the wall. One of her companions, whose conversation is understandably limited, is a lady wearing a metal scold's bridle over her mouth. In an old-fashioned interrogation attempt, Rigg's captors later take her out to a pond, tie her face-up to a ducking plank, and submerge her a couple of times—one of the few instances in which our heroine's composure is noticeably shaken.

"Steed is stunned when he learns amnesia has erased three weeks of his life"—And Thorson, tied to a chair, wearing a smart between-the-teeth gag, and trying her darndest to express her predicament, is no less stunned to find

herself staring through a one-way mirror at Macnee and realizing that he can neither see nor hear her. In the next scene, gag now removed, she works her wrists free and then taunts a female captor into coming within punching distance. At the end of the no-holds-barred fight that follows, the villainess—actress Kate O'Mara—is now occupying the chair and wearing the gag and moaning incoherently in an effort to warn her accomplice out in the hall.

"Steed seeks an answer to a mysterious radar blackout at an early-warning defense station"—Quite likely the best single episode of them all. Rigg ties and gags a nurse in the enemy camp and takes her uniform, then, surgical mask over her face, replaces her in the operating room (the script writers appear to have a distinct thing for surgery). The nurse, now clad in her slip and struggling on the floor of a storeroom, attracts attention by kicking over a stool, then points out Rigg as an imposter, whereupon our heroine finds herself the patient, tied to the table and artfully silenced with a two-piece cloth gag. Deciding to dispose of her in another way, the villains tie her wrist and ankles apart to a set of narrow-

gauge railroad tracks and leave her, thus bound and gagged and wearing that popular black number, while an accomplice starts up the train. What follows is pure old melodrama: The train approaches; Macnee fights to take the controls; the captive squirms and tilts her head to look down the tracks; and, throughout it all, the breathless piano accompaniment tells us that none of this is meant to be taken very seriously.

Epilogue: What was it about Diana Rigg that made her not only the perfect heroine but also the perfect victim? Impossible to answer conclusively, but here is a thought: To capture a shrinking violet is no great source of pride, but to overcome and render helpless someone like Mrs. Peel is an accomplishment indeed. One of her foes, in describing why he had singled her out as his quarry, put it this way:

"I needed a woman like you, Mrs. Peel, a woman of ...courage, of beauty, of action. A woman who could become confused and yet remain intelligent, a woman who could fight back and yet remain feminine. You, and only you, Emma Peel, had all these qualifications. Your reputation preceded you...and you have lived up to it."

Indeed.



#### 61 YEARS AGO! PURE UNADULTERATED FILM BONDAGE

**HISTORY**—These two wonderful and classic bondage photos are from separate movies which were both filmed in 1918! At left is a scene from Adolph Zukor's "Under The Greenwood Tree." Other photo is from "The Face in the Dark." As Allen Marburger (buy his book!) put it, "...about 80 or 90 per cent of the films made before 1930 no longer exist and the stills are of great value for no other reason than that they may well be the only visual impression left to tell us what the film was like." It would be additionally interesting to know how these wonderful stills managed to find their way into the Irving Klaw photo inventory so many years later. Whatever, these photos were published courtesy of Ira Kramer, Movie Star News, 212 East 14th Street, New York, New York, New York 10003.





JANE THOMAS STRETCHED OUT





Here are the panties, new outfit and different bondage we came up with for Jane Thomas after we had put her through her bottoms-up and dialing for assistance situations on the previous pages. We told her she could stay just like that for a full hour. Being as sensitive to our needs as she is, she complied without a word.











# PRESENTING STEPHANIE STRAND, ANOTHER NEW BOUND BEAUTY



We used a very tight white gag, a black office chair, black panties, gloves and heels, and loads of rope to captivate pretty Stephanie Strand for a whole afternoon not too long ago.











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## A TINGLING TALE OF BONDAGE FROM A READER IN TEXAS

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AT THE END OF YOUR ROPE? TRY LINGERIE,  
SAYS OUR MAN IN OHIO—YOU CAN PUT YOUR  
LADY INTO A REAL BIND WITH HER PANTIES,  
BRAS, HOSE AND OTHER FEMININE  
WHAT-NOTS

---

THE MAKING OF A BONDAGE  
ENTHUSIAST—SOFT SPOKEN CANDOR FROM  
THE CARIBBEAN

---

TRUE LIFE BONDAGE INCIDENT IN ENGLAND

---

CORROBORATION ABOUT THAT BOUND AND  
GAGGED NEWSWOMAN IN FLORIDA

---

AMATEUR BONDAGE DRAWINGS & PHOTOS

---



# By The People

## BONDAGE (A Personal Statement)

By "R"

So many people today are concerning themselves with the reasons and origins of the bondage syndrome that I must now put forth my two cents worth.

As a middle-aged heterosexual man, I have been erotically drawn to the image of the bound and helpless female ever since I can remember. Like many others I played the childish games of tying and being tied—the cowboy and Indian games of our formative years. I preferred tying my girl victims, but there were times when I was captured and bound, and it was always somehow very exciting. But basically I thought it wrong for a man to be tied by a woman. I collected comic books whose covers depicted bound women, and in those days (World War II) there were always such scenes as army nurses tied to cannons or tanks by the Japanese or Nazis, or Sheena of the Jungle in her ill-fitting leopard skins bound with vines. And at times the flash of high-heels was to be seen giving impetus to my developing fetishes.

Around 12, I began to do my own bondage illustrations and indulge in

auto-bondage. My very first orgasm occurred as a result of binding my ankles and knees and rather crudely wrapping my wrists with rope and attaching them behind my back to my ankles. I lay on the bathroom floor struggling dramatically to get free, until I began to perspire and then the struggling grew to a frantic pitch until the most bewildering and overpowering feeling of complete physical pleasure came over me. I had climaxed though my hands had not touched my body. Since then I was



hooked, as I realized the connection between utter helplessness and such a fantastic erotic experience.

Over the years this love, obsession, or what-have-you has grown and undergone many subtle changes. At first there was some guilt connected with bondage, but then I began to find that I was not alone in my desires. I discovered William Seabrook's books: "Witchcraft, Its Power In The World Today" and especially his autobiography, "No Hiding Place". Then, in the early 50s, I answered an Irving Klaw ad and reached a higher plateau of visual enjoyment. Various sympathetic women began to pass through my life and many subjected themselves to my ropes and straps most willingly. There were a few times in these relationships when I became the bound, gagged and helpless victim, and I finally admitted to myself that I enjoyed this role reversal very much.

While viewing my growing collection of bondage photos and illustrations, I became increasingly aware that I projected myself into the situation of the woman in bondage. I realized that I gained an illicit and sexual pleasure imagining myself wearing those high-heels, bound with ropes, gagged and such. Viewing photos of men in bondage did nothing for me...only helpless women would do.





My tendencies are strictly heterosexual, but I began to collect and wear 5 and 6 inch high-heel boots and shoes. I collected leather, vinyl and rubber clothing, and whenever I found a willing lady I had myself roped and strapped into helplessness while wearing these things. When I could not find a woman to bind me, I practiced auto-bondage (See my letter: Bondage Life Vol. 1, No. 3, pp. 47-48).

Two of the greatest turn-ons in bondage seem to be fantasy and a modicum of fear. Safety is, of course, a prime factor. Indulge only with someone whom you trust completely, but what if...? What if the woman ties me up so that I am helpless to escape, and then she gags me, then straps and binds on some more and draws them *extra* tight with determined strength. Then she gives a sardonic laugh and adds on more rope and cinches of cord...way beyond what is needed? What then if she stands back smiling cruelly and makes a statement such as: "Now you can stay that way for a few hours and see how you like it." How thrilling for the victim to *not be sure*. Maybe she does leave me thrashing around the floor that way until I reach orgasm; or she might leave me and come back in time to make love to me in that utterly submissive state. Either way it can be pure bliss; an experience like no other.



Now to go one step farther along the endless bondage trail. At one time I believed that I would die or go mad if left bound for long after reaching climax. I *had* to be released afterward. I really desired to be left, before the actuality of the orgasm enervated me, but I thought it would be impossible to take mentally and physically. I have found since (by force) that it is quite possible. It is an absolute and complete state of subjection to lie firmly bound and limp in body and mind (after orgasm) as the lady rises and leaves me or continues carressing my trussed-up body. I have reached plateaus this way far beyond the mundane sexual experience, and vastly more satisfying than straight sex. It is very near to a psychic happening; a truly fantastic feeling and probably the ultimate in my bondage experience.

*A Reader in the Caribbean*



## A FEW WORDS FOR LINGERIE BONDAGE

Usually, Lingerie Bondage conjures up thoughts of pretty, helpless victims wearing sexy little items of feminine underwear: bra, panties, garter belt, stockings, slip, or any combination thereof. I like to think of this term as not only what the lady in question is wearing, but also what has been used to render her helpless. Those delicate little items can often be used as effective binding material long after their usefulness as an article of clothing is gone.

I would like to point out some of the ways a woman's cast off underthings can be used in bondage.

**Panties**—Probably the most often used article and definitely the most erotic. Panties are generally seen used as a gag to be put into the victim's mouth and tied in place. Panties can also be pulled over the head as shown in several of Harmony's publications. Folded up, panties can also serve as a pad to tie either over the mouth or over the eyes.

**Bras**—This item can be best used to bind the wrists, ankles or knees and, if you can get it to work out right, you can often use the hook closure to fasten together for a secure bind. A bra is also useful to tie a gag wad into the mouth.

**Garter Belt**—A garter belt can basically be used in the same way as a bra, but has the additional use of the garter straps themselves. These are very useful to cinch the binding of the main item.

**Slips**—A slip can usually find its way into bondage in the form of a pad to tie over the mouth or eyes. A full slip can be used to tie a gag or blindfold in place, but, because of the thickness of a slip when folded over, it is usually hard to tie a secure knot.

**Stockings**—These most versatile of female underthings are my own personal favorite. These wispy, gossamer little items can fool you at first sight. They look fragile, but can be as secure as the best rope. They are much more difficult to untie and if the damsel does much struggling, they may have to be cut off.

Stockings can be used to tie the wrists, ankles and knees and if you tie several together you can make any length of rope substitute you might desire. Nylons can also be used to tie a gag in place in the mouth or to tie a pad such as a folded up slip over the eyes as a very nice blindfold. Several stockings, wadded up and placed one inside the other also make a good gag wad in it-

self. A stocking wad can be placed half-way down the length of another nylon and when the ends are tied around the head, it makes a very safe gag.

Another use for nylons is not seen much, but is effective for keeping a gag or blindfold in place. This is the hood effect you get when you pull a nylon down over the victim's head so that it covers the face completely. This will make your lady look like she's ready to hold up the corner drugstore and will make it much harder for her to rub the gag or blindfold out of place.

**Pantyhose**—Just about everything that you can do with stockings, you can do with pantyhose. Plus there are a few added attractions. The panty portion of the garment can be stuffed in the mouth and the legs tied around the head as a gag that takes no preliminary work. You can also use pantyhose as a homemade arm sheath. Cut one of the legs off the pantyhose and tie your girl's wrists behind her back with this leg. Then, pull the second leg up on both arms so that the one stocking leg is covering both hands and arms. Pop the panty section up over the head and it should settle nicely across the chest. Your victim will have a tough time working her arms out of that arrangement!

There are undoubtedly many other ways that a girl can be tied up with her own lingerie. So the next time you get ready to toss out old clothes, make sure you aren't throwing away some very useful bondage material.

*A Reader from Ohio*

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Dear Sirs:

Upon reading your excellent magazine "Bondage Life," I noticed a section devoted to true life bondage. This brings to mind an incident in which I was involved some years ago in England.

It was during the summer of 1970. I was coming home from school late one evening after cricket practice. It was around 7-PM when I arrived at the neighborhood shopping center. All of the shops had closed by then except the news agents who usually stayed open while they sorted out newspapers for the morning delivery. As I went up to the entrance, I noticed that the doors were locked but that the sign said "Open." Cursing my bad timing, I walked on around the back of the shop to start my walk home. It was then that I noticed a car, sitting near the end of the building, unoccupied, but with its en-

gine running. Being naturally curious about it, and having nothing better to do, I decided to make my way closer to investigate (I was 17 at the time).

On peering through one of the windows, I saw a man with his back to me emptying out the cash register into a pillow case. My first reaction was to run for help or call the police, but curiosity held me in place and I stayed to watch this incredible thing going on before me. Suddenly, I heard a voice from well within the room telling someone else not to forget the postage stamps. Itching now to get a look at the accomplice, I crept along the side wall to a window nearer the other voice. What I saw then made an impression on me that I shall probably never forget (nor will I want to!).

Crouching down, also with his back to me, was the "partner in crime." He was looping the last length of rope around the news agent's wife's ankles! She was positioned on the floor, propped up against the serving counter. In her mouth was a pale blue scarf tightly tied around her head gagging her. Her eyes were wide with fear. Both of her arms were pinned tightly behind her back and I could just see where her wrists were tied together. Her legs were drawn up and, from my position, I could see that her dress had somehow gathered up around her waist, thus exposing her white panties to full view. I was rivited to the spot!

When the man had finished tying her legs, he slid his hand under her nylon-covered thighs and playfully patted her behind. Next, he turned and got up and left with his partner through the back door. By this time, I had recovered my senses enough to have taken up a hiding place behind some garbage cans.

When I was sure they were gone, I crept around to the other window and peered in. The girl, whom I later learned to be 25 years old, had changed positions and was now lying on her side struggling madly to free herself. I watched fascinated as she squirmed around on the floor. The hem on her print-dress had slid higher up her thighs, past the dark tops of her hose, exposing once again those smooth white panties. By this time, she had stopped struggling and just lay on her side completely spent.

After observing this for a good ten minutes, I realized how extremely stimulated I was by this event. I realized also that I'd better do something, so I opened the door and went inside. After realizing that I wasn't one



of the men who had robbed her, the terror left her eyes and she attempted to mumble something through her gag. Untying her took some time as she was expertly bound and my shaking hands and nerves didn't help matters much. I did manage to take my time untying those long legs of hers!

The rest is history. The thieves were apprehended that very night, due to my description of their car to the police. I made a small section of the local newspaper ("Local Boy Assists in Arrest of News Agent Robbery"), and the story went on to say how I had rescued the woman and so forth and had received a \$50 reward. If it be known, I would have returned the \$50 just to do it again!

*Yours sincerely,  
A Reader in Florida*

#### REWARD!

Seeking Bishop on Bondage #2.  
Price? Open to discussion, and  
dependent on condition.  
Contact: H.V.R.  
P.O. Box 311  
Chatsworth, Ca. 91311

Dear Harmony:

I would just like to take the opportunity to add to something I read in *Bondage Life*, Vol #1. The article I'm speaking of was one of the situations described in your "Non-Fiction Bondage" section. It was the situation about the female reporter in Miami.

Being from Florida, I happened to be home visiting family at the time of the report. I just happened to be watching the evening news when the report was shown. And, the sequence of events is as described in your article. However, there is something additional.

In the same report, prior to the "car bondage" scene, the same young lady (who was definitely pretty, by the way) was taken to one of the busier, frequently used streets, in the Miami area. However, I believe she was taken there early in the morning when traffic was slight.

She seated herself on the ground with her back against a tree. And, believe me, the tree was located very close to the highway. She was then securely tied to the tree and her ankles were tied also. And, as mentioned in your article, her mouth was taped shut

with tape strips. As you mentioned, the object was to see how long it would be before a passing motorist stopped to help our "damsel in distress."

As motorists drove by, she would shake her pretty head and try to scream through her tape gag in order to get someone's attention. And, as in the car scene, our lady waited quite a while before someone came to her aid.

I'm writing this letter for a couple of reasons. First, I just wanted to reinforce your article and let people know that the survey did indeed take place. Secondly, you didn't mention anything about our lady's "roadside bondage" scene. So, I wanted to inform you of this part of the report just in case no one had informed you of it prior to this.

*An Anonymous Reader*

### FROM A READER IN THE CARIBBEAN



### FROM A READER IN SWITZERLAND





FROM A READER IN  
INDONESIA



FROM A READER IN  
ENGLAND



FROM A READER IN  
TEXAS





**MORE WENDY KING  
BY JASON NORTH**

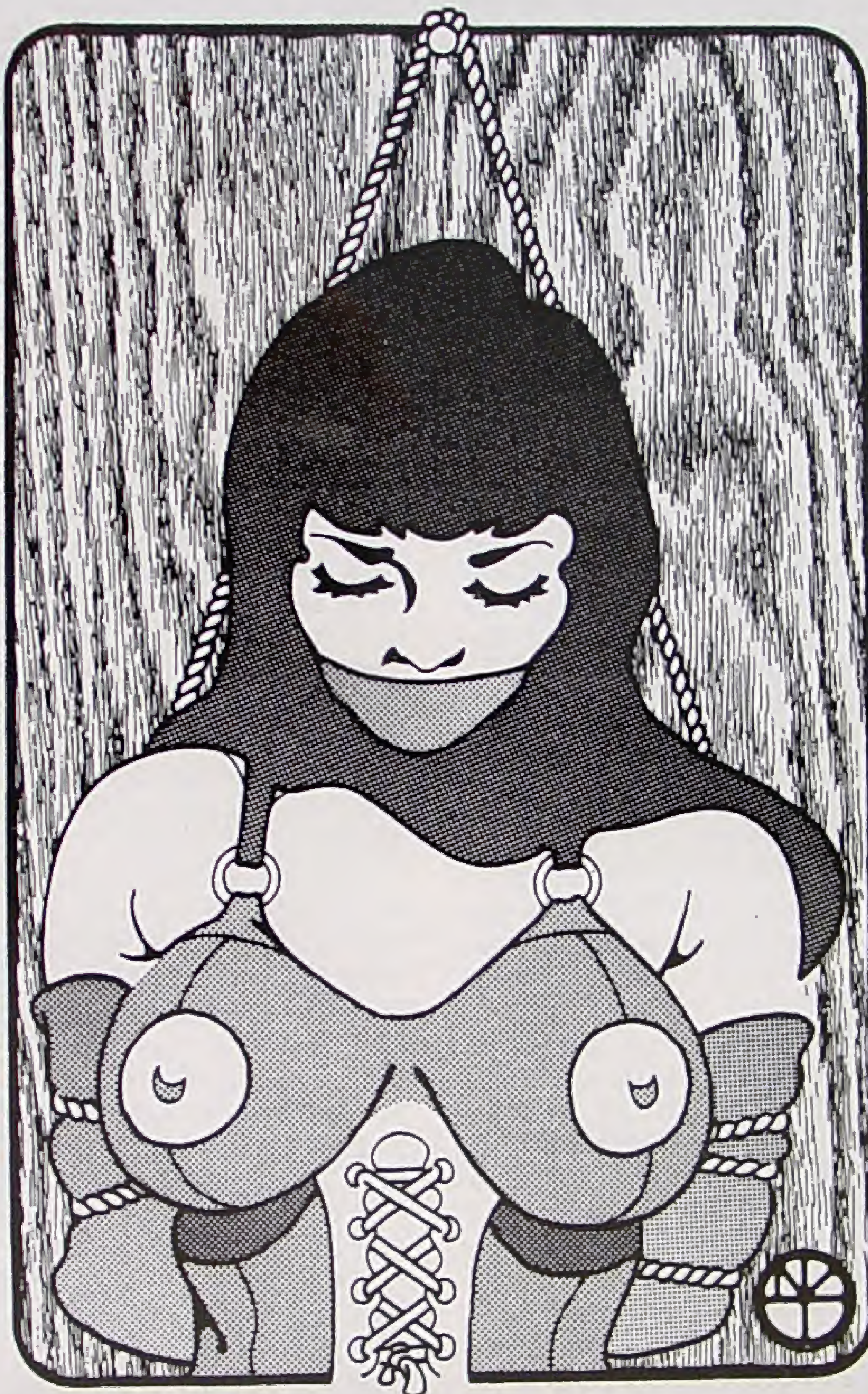


**FROM A READER IN  
HOUSTON**





# LESLIE



## An Intriguing Tale of Bondage

**L**eslie squirmed in her chair under the incredulous stare of the lovely blonde stranger. "But I don't understand," said Michele. "Joyce called me an hour ago. We were going to go shopping and I was supposed to pick her up here."

"Well, I don't know," Leslie shot back. "She simply left

and didn't say where she was going. Maybe she misunderstood and went over there to meet you." Leslie was growing impatient with her stepmother's new friend but she tried not to let it show. She spoke quickly but delicately with her customary pleasant smile. She wondered how the stranger would look with a gag in her mouth. Michele seemed to be



in her late thirties like Leslie's stepmother. Unlike Joyce, however, this girl was beautiful in a more youthful fashion. Joyce was in possession of a lovely face and supple figure and looked every bit the mature woman she was. Michele could pass for a college girl not unlike the one she was presently conversing with. Her face was delicate and smooth. Her lovely blonde hair bounced playfully around her shoulders as she spoke. Leslie decided that one day she would indeed put a gag in this one's mouth.

As they talked, a muffled thump emanated from the upstairs bedroom. "That's just my sister, Teri," Leslie offered. "She's dressing for a date." Michele got up to leave and, as they crossed to the door, she sized up this luscious stepdaughter of her friend. She noted Leslie's long, wavy brown hair and cute breasts. She imagined herself in bed with her and wondered if she would be as good as her stepmother. Giving action to her thoughts, she brushed Leslie's cheek lightly with her fingertips as she thanked her for the help.

Leslie closed the door when Michele had gone and hurried upstairs to her stepmother's bedroom. She found Teri standing by the bed wearing a white slip and looking very frightened. At nineteen, Teri was younger than her sister but built equally as well with maybe a little baby fat remaining from adolescence.

"Where is she?" Leslie's demand was gentle and smiling.

"Under the bed," Teri whimpered. "I had to hit her, Leslie. She started crying and I was afraid the gag wouldn't keep her quiet enough." Leslie moved over to her sister with her thumbs hooked in the pockets of her jeans. Even though Teri was taller, it was obvious who was in complete control. She reached out and laid her hand on the frightened girl's hip.

"I'm not upset that you hit her," she cooed. "Only that you permitted her to hit the floor. That made her new girlfriend suspicious. Now turn around, bend over and put your hands behind your back." In doing that, Teri exposed her classically rounded bottom to the older girl who took full advantage of it. Leslie placed her foot on it and shoved her sister to the floor face first. Recent experiences told Teri not to use her hands to break the fall. That was part of the punishment. "Now let's get Mommy dear on the bed," Leslie said with a trace of sarcasm.

They rolled Joyce out from under the bed and placed her on it face up. The two sisters gazed down on their recently acquired stepmother—bound, gagged and out cold. She was still dressed in her blue leotards and her skin glistened with perspiration from her exercises. Joyce's hair was a lovely jet black but was creased in the back where the gag bunched it up. She was tied up with ropes around her wrists and her waist and gagged with a white handkerchief. Upon Leslie's direction, Teri rolled her over, spread her legs and tied each ankle to a bedpost. Teri left to continue dressing and Leslie sat on the bed stroking the older woman's smooth buttocks. A sharp slap caused the unconscious woman to groan even under the gag. "Sleep well, Darling." Leslie kissed her on the cheek and left.

Joyce awoke suddenly from her sleep when the bedroom door opened and a thin stream of light from the hall pried her eyes open. Her muscles ached all over and her mouth felt dry from the gag. She was dimly aware of the events which had put her in bondage but there seemed to be a gap in her memory. She had been exercising in the back yard by the pool when her thoughts turned to Michele. They had been lovers since they met three weeks ago at the dress shop where Joyce was part owner. Joyce had immediately sensed that Michele could supply the tenderness that Jack, Leslie's

and Teri's father, had been thus far unable or possibly unwilling to provide. Now Jack, a field engineer for an oil well supply firm, was living on an offshore rig and would be there for another three weeks. Joyce decided to call her lovely blonde lover and set up a date. But she had no sooner replaced the receiver when Leslie grabbed from behind and twisted her arm up behind her back. Her heart sank as she realized that Leslie was going to put her in bondage again and she would be unable to keep the date she so desperately needed. An hour later she was sitting on her bed, bound and gagged, while Leslie was downstairs explaining her absence to Michele.

The door had been opened by Teri who sat beside her and untied one leg. "Thank goodness for Teri," she thought. Joyce was able to sit up with Teri's help and she was pleased when her stepdaughter undid the handkerchief gag.

"Please, Joyce, don't make any noise," Teri pleaded. "If Leslie hears us she'll kill me."

"I won't, Honey," Joyce agreed, "but please untie me. I can't sleep very well like this."

"Oh Joyce, I really want to," said Teri. "But I'm so afraid of Leslie. I brought you something to eat 'cause she might not let you have any breakfast tomorrow. I just got home from the movies but I couldn't let myself go to bed unless I knew you were alright."

Teri helped Joyce eat a sandwich and drink a glass of milk. "I just don't know what happened to Leslie at college," she continued. "She talks so sweetly but acts so horribly to us, especially you. I'll be glad when vacation is over and she goes back."

"Well, Honey," offered Joyce, "I suppose she resents me for having married your father. And the fact that you and I get along probably irritates her. But this is the third time she's tied me up like this since she's been home. I really don't want to call your father and ask him to come home but I can't go on like this."

Teri leaned forward and kissed her beautiful stepmother on the lips. She began to sob and told Joyce how sorry she was that she had to hit her on the head earlier. "So that's what happened!" said Joyce. She was surprised but the gap in her memory had been cleared. She was beginning to get loud, however, and that brought a frightened grimace to Teri's lips. Against Joyce's protests, she wedged the handkerchief back in Joyce's mouth and tied it tightly behind her head. Then she rolled the forlorn woman back over on her belly and refastened her free leg to the bedpost. She turned once on her way out to see a beautiful pair of watery eyes pleading above the cruel gag.

The following morning, Leslie released Joyce after extracting a promise that she would never again see Michele. They both knew it was a lie. Leslie withheld any breakfast (thank goodness for Teri) and told Joyce to shower and get ready for work. Parenthetically, she ordered her to wear some sort of skirt as opposed to pants. Joyce found out why as it became time to leave.

"Your punishment will continue all day, Joyce," Leslie sighed, raising her eyebrows. "Now lift your skirt up to your hips, please." Leslie buckled two leather straps around her stepmother's legs just above the knees. They were connected by a length of chain only six inches long. "If they ask about your stiff walk at work, say that you pulled a muscle exercising." As usual, Joyce relented and remarked absently that Teri was sleeping unusually late this morning. Leslie smiled sardonically and strode over to the hall closet. She whisked open the door to reveal her younger sister, standing upright

Continued on Page 74



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# HOLIDAY

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## The Conclusion

*By Brian Sands*

She had been sitting helpless now for more than two hours. Meg pretended not to notice the thin squeals which were the only sounds Jennifer could make through the expertly tied gag, and when the manuscript had been read she laid it down decisively on the low table and knelt beside her prisoner. Without a word in answer to the girl's questioning look, Meg took from Jennifer's shoulders the wispy pink silk scarf she wore and tightly bound it over her eyes. And the helpless girl was left once more, but this time not for long. Within a few minutes there was the sound of a car's tires softly coming to rest outside the shack, and Jennifer heard Meg's re-entry. Quickly she was picked up in Meg's arms, carried outside and bundled onto the back seat of the car. Next followed about ten minutes of driving. Jennifer rocked slightly from one side to the other with every corner the vehicle took. There was a kind of excitement in the feeling. It was not too difficult to pretend that she was really being kidnapped and she strained deliciously at her bonds although they hurt more than ever.

Finally the car drew to a halt and Jennifer was lifted out and carried somewhere; into another house, for she heard the opening and closing of a door and she was set down in a wooden chair. The bonds were removed from her wrists and arms and from around her body, but her legs remained tied as they were and the gag and blindfold were untouched. Her arms and hands tingled painfully with the return of circulation and she was too weak to prevent her wrists and forearms being retied to the armrests of the chair. Ropes were passed around her body and waist fastening her upright against the straight tall back of the chair, and her ankles were tied to one of the chair legs, so that her body was completely immovable. The blindfold was then untied—a welcome relief—and she was left alone once again.

The room was different. It was not her own so she supposed it was Meg's. Jennifer expected the older woman to reappear any moment but she did not come. However, Jennifer this time did not panic. She realized that Meg was indeed reconstructing the story so she could expect to be released soon by Meg playing the part of the hero. In the

meantime Jennifer struggled and tested the bonds which held her to the chair until she had to stop, exhausted already by the hours she had lain trussed in her own room.

When Meg returned, Jennifer was feeling strangely relaxed, warm and very feminine. Meg's face softened and she knelt beside the helpless girl. Jennifer's cheeks were wet with tears. Meg took her bound face into her hands gently and caressing her temples and hair said: "Let's call it a night over this play-acting, Sweetheart. I haven't meant to hurt you or frighten you. You wanted the reality of all this didn't you?" Jennifer nodded ruefully. "And you know, once you're tied up for real by a thief or a kidnapper the way you've described so well in your book, well there's no getting out of it. You were my prisoner and it wouldn't have been real if I went soft and let you go so easily." Jennifer nodded.

Meg untied her from the chair, retied her arms behind her and carried her back out to the car. Jennifer breathed in gratefully through her nose the fresh salt evening air. She was still neatly gagged. She sat upright in the front seat of the car, strapped-in with the seat belt, and Meg drove around a scenic track which she explained to her silent companion was the tour she had taken her on earlier when she lay blindfolded on the back seat. The two women's beach houses were in fact in adjoining blocks. Back at her cottage, Jennifer was set down on the soft rug and untied completely, though Meg left the gag til last. Then she gave Jennifer a soothing massage with baby oil to take the stiffness out of her limbs. Over coffee the two women discussed the merits of Jennifer's story. "Was it worth while?" asked Meg, "I mean, being tied-up the way you were?" The younger girl nodded. "I wanted desperately to be free in that first hour or so, but it didn't seem to be so important after that. I'm glad you're trustworthy. I don't usually make mistakes with people and of course it's not everyone I would allow to tie me up. There are some really spiteful women in the business of magazine editing who would love to have me at their mercy the way I was with you. Now that I know what it *really* feels like to be tied-up I'll make some alterations to that part of the story. It's really pretty rough isn't it?" "Could you stand more of it?" asked Meg. "Yes." □

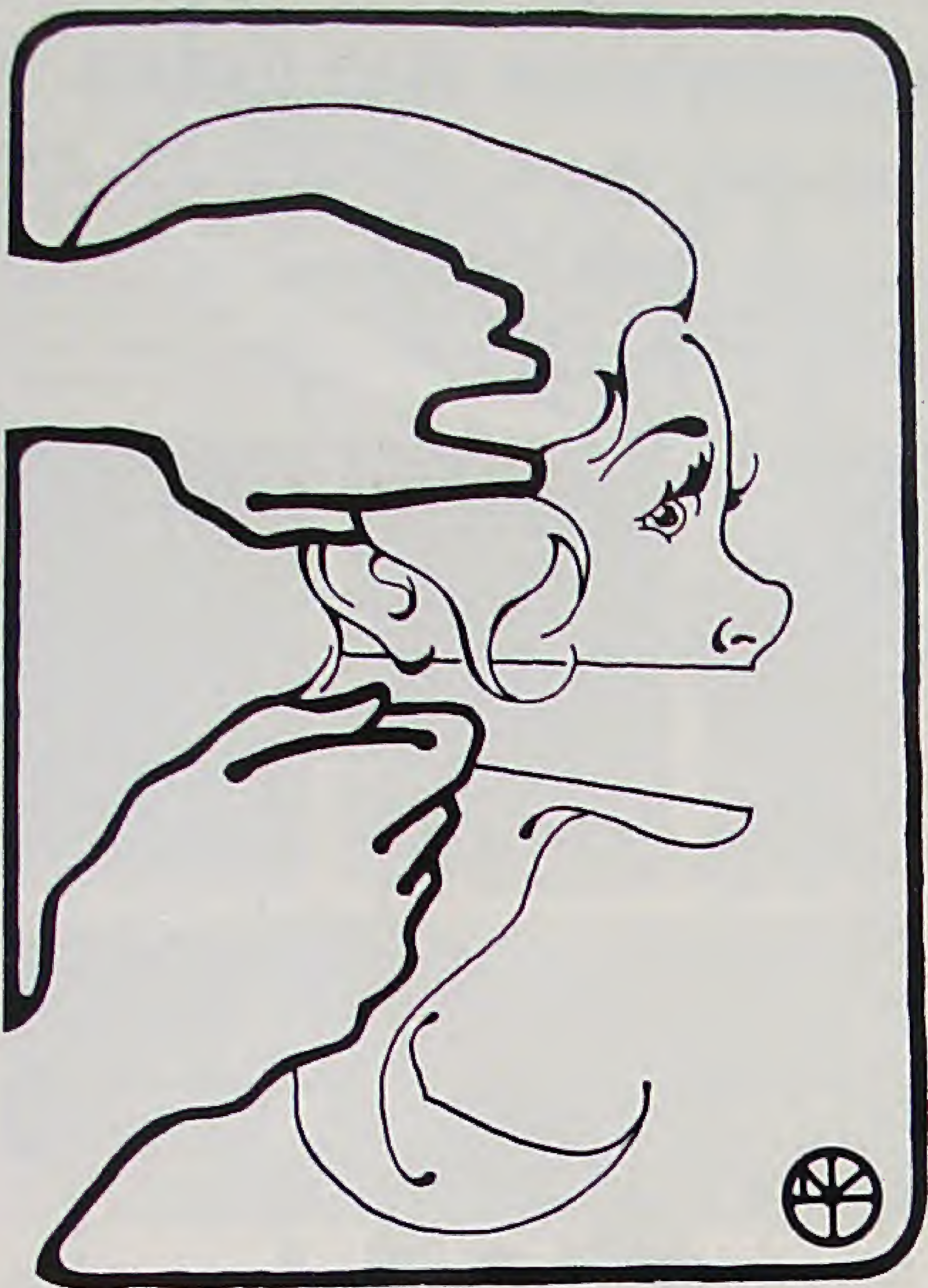


# Bondage Extraordinaire



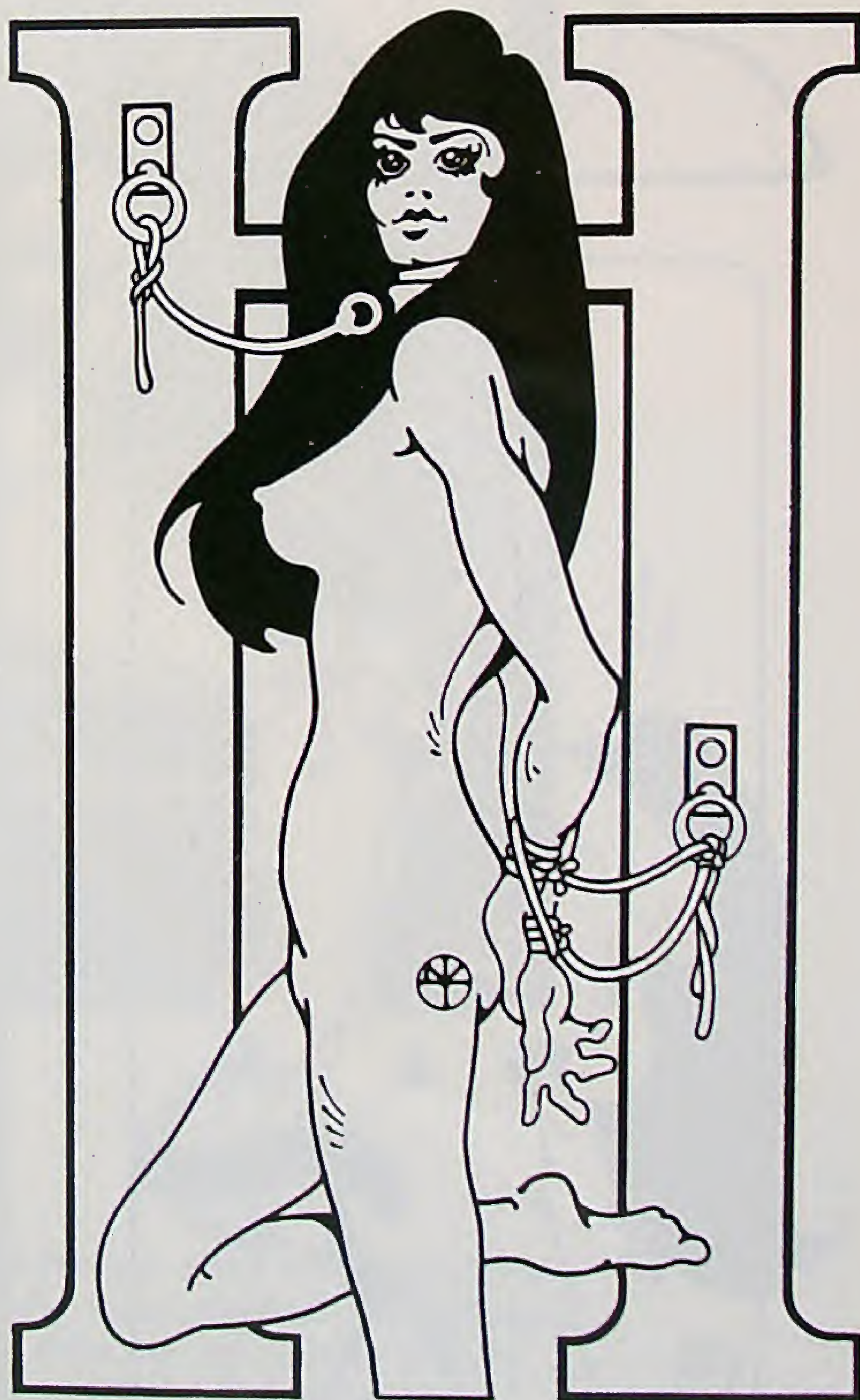
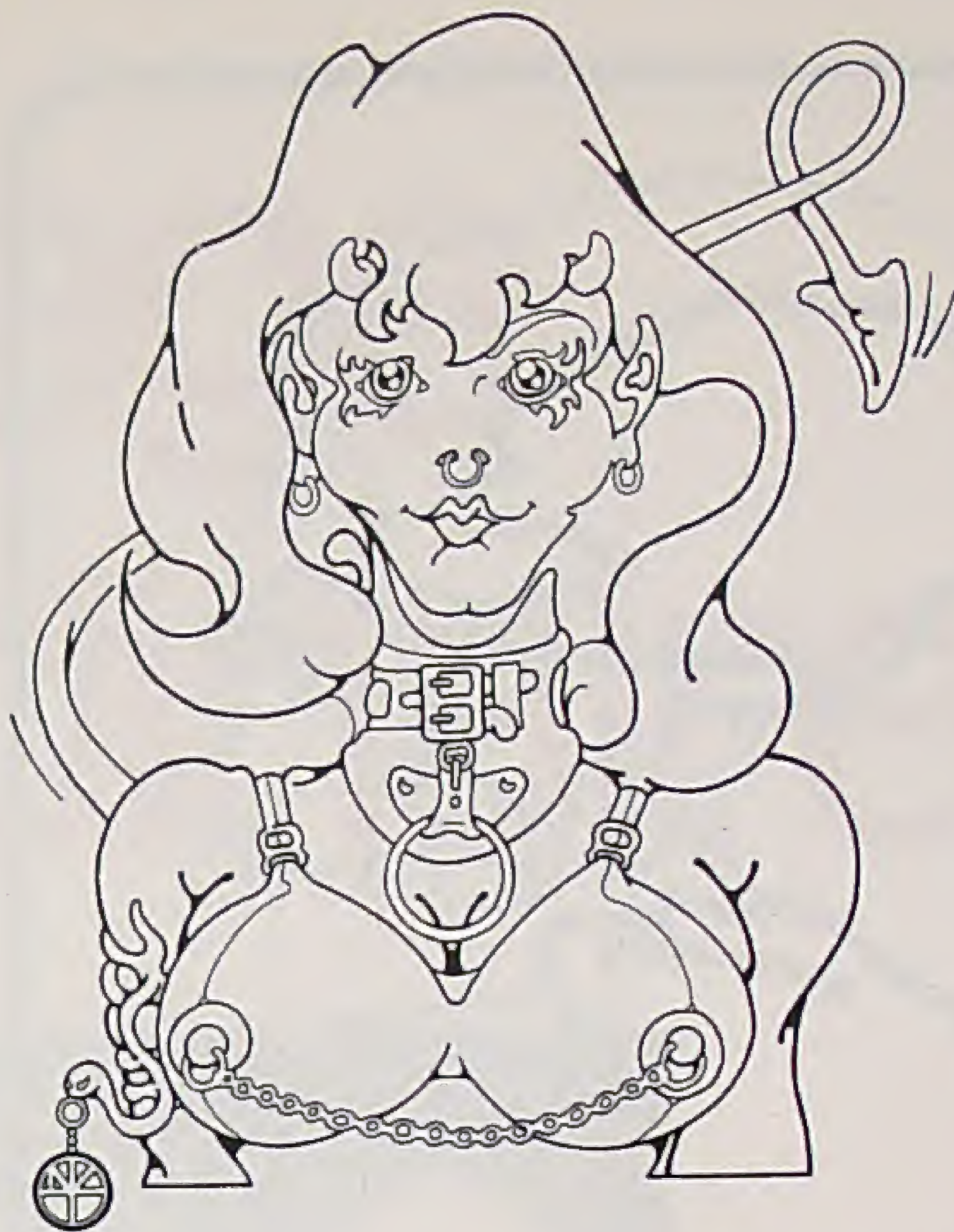
These exceptional bondage renderings were sent to us from Georgia. Their creator is obviously very talented. Accordingly, he is being given more space than we are usually able to devote to reader contributions. We hope you approve.







feel free...





# FABULOUS NEW BONDAGE MOVIES FROM HARMONY!

☆☆☆☆ (Finally, *Everything* You've Ever Wanted on Film!) ☆☆☆☆

Harmony Movies #5 & #6, Starring Jane Thomas, Shannon Hale, Teri Davis and Sweet Jody Burns. No nudes, no topless. Just plenty of great ropes and gags, panties and bras, heels, hose, leather gloves, jodphurs and bare feet.

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## PLUS:

We have some prints left of our earlier movies. Harmony #1 and #2 feature Jennifer West and Heidi Kester in storylines (which we aren't going to do anymore since it gets in the way of the actual bondage). Each film is approximately 200 feet long and available *only* in Regular 8 for \$25 each, with videotape versions of each film available for \$30. Harmony #3 features two movies in one and is extremely *underpriced* at \$25 postpaid. This movie features a first storyline part of Jennifer West and Heidi Kester followed by some very good bondage studies of new model Jane Thomas in panties and bra bound and gagged in four different situations. Harmony #4 is probably our best value since it has about 22 minutes of pure bondage viewing starring Jane Thomas and Shannon Hale in many well tied and gagged situations. This movie costs just \$40 postpaid even though it has approximately twice as much actual footage as other films. (Beta and VHS cassettes are available for \$65 postpaid which include *both* Harmony #3 and #4 bondage movies for about 35 minutes of viewing.)

All future Harmony bondage movies will be slightly more than 200 feet long and will be priced at \$30 postpaid. Future videotapes will contain two complete Harmony movies for about 24 minutes of viewing and will cost \$75 postpaid.

## HARMONY COMMUNICATIONS

Box 780

North Hollywood, California 91603

Gentlemen:

Enclosed is my payment in full for \_\_\_\_\_

I have also included \$1.50 for postage and handling of my magazine order (Movies and videotapes are postpaid) and certify that I am at least 21 years old. I also certify that I am aware that you are sending me sexually-oriented material which is for my own individual use and will not be resold, copied, or in any way distributed or redistributed, including to minors. Overseas buyers please add \$3.50 for postage and handling.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

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# Shannon Hale~The First Time

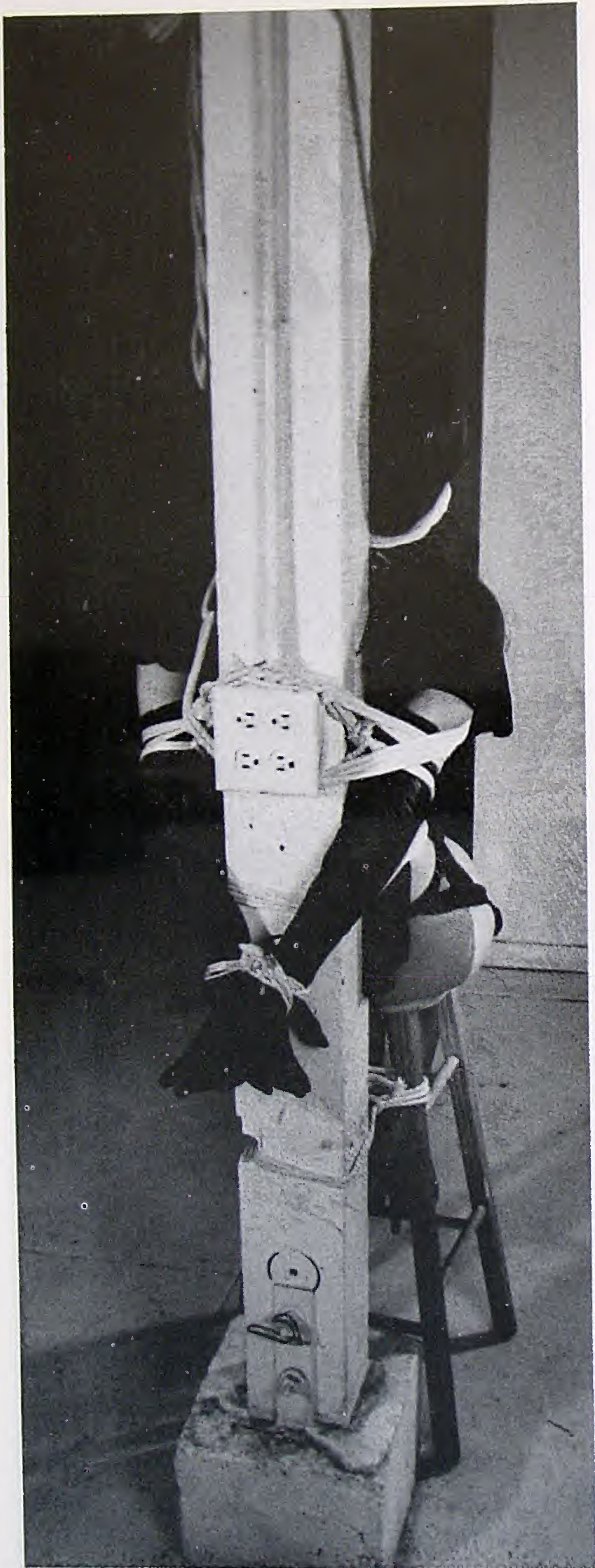


She says she had never been bound or gagged before, although she had heard about men and women who enjoyed having it done to them. Before this day ended, we had bound and gagged her four or five terrific ways (all of which show up in Harmony Movie #4). Shannon has the same kind of sensitivity and compliance that we find in Jane Thomas, which is why we brought them together on pages 41 and 42, our centerspread. (We will bring them together lots more times than that!)















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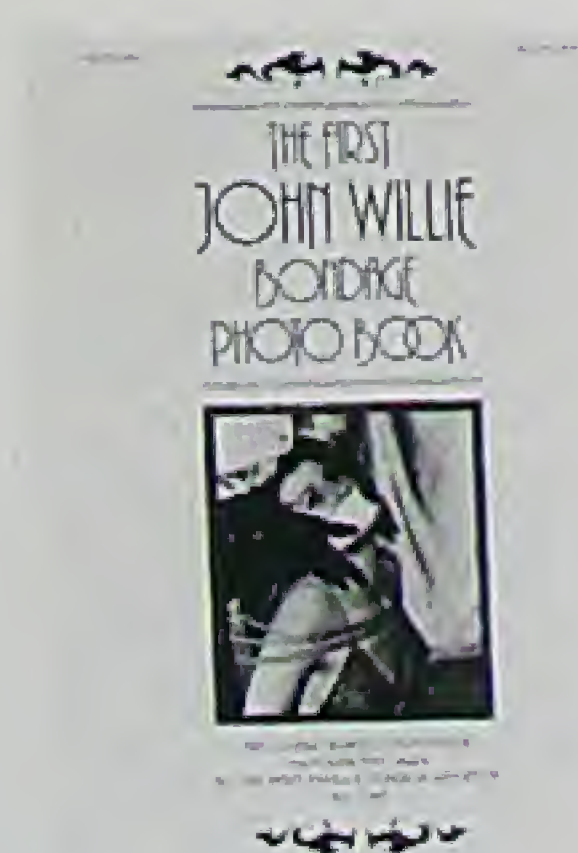


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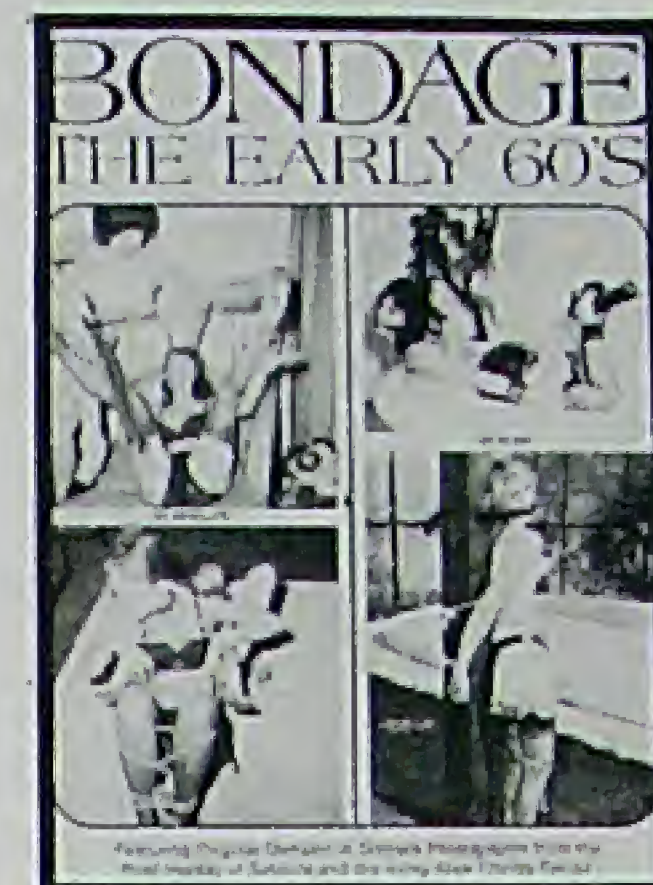
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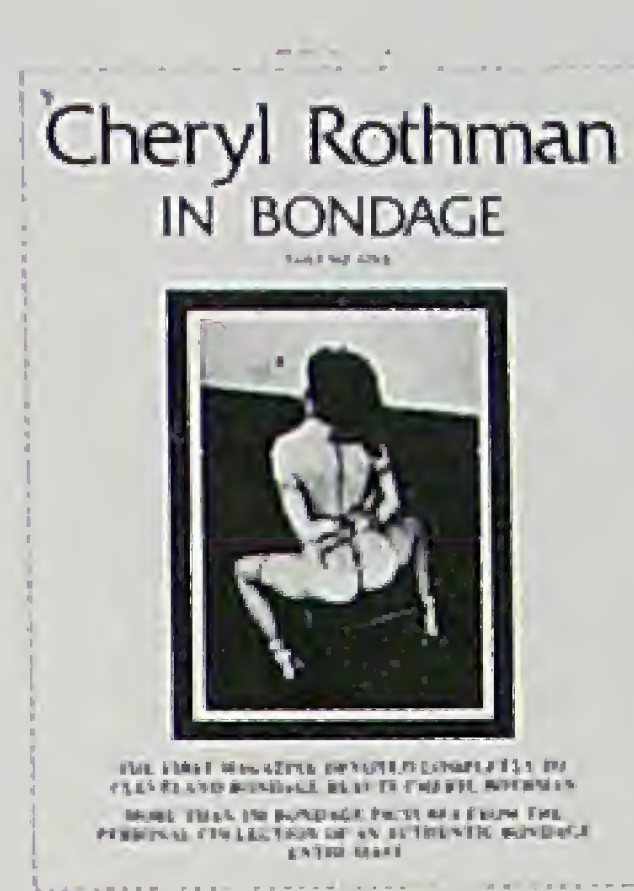
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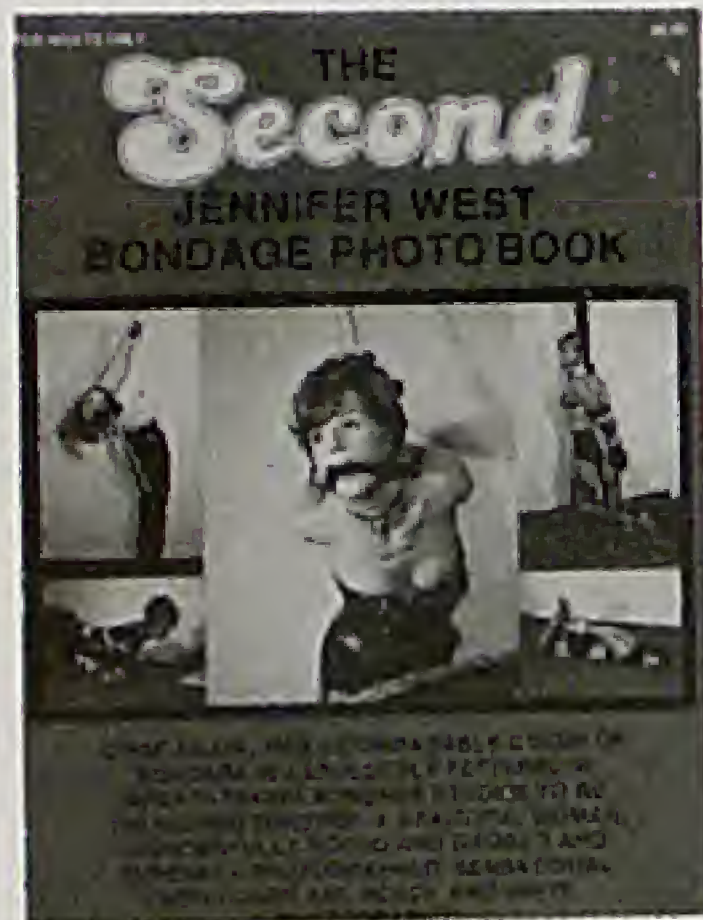
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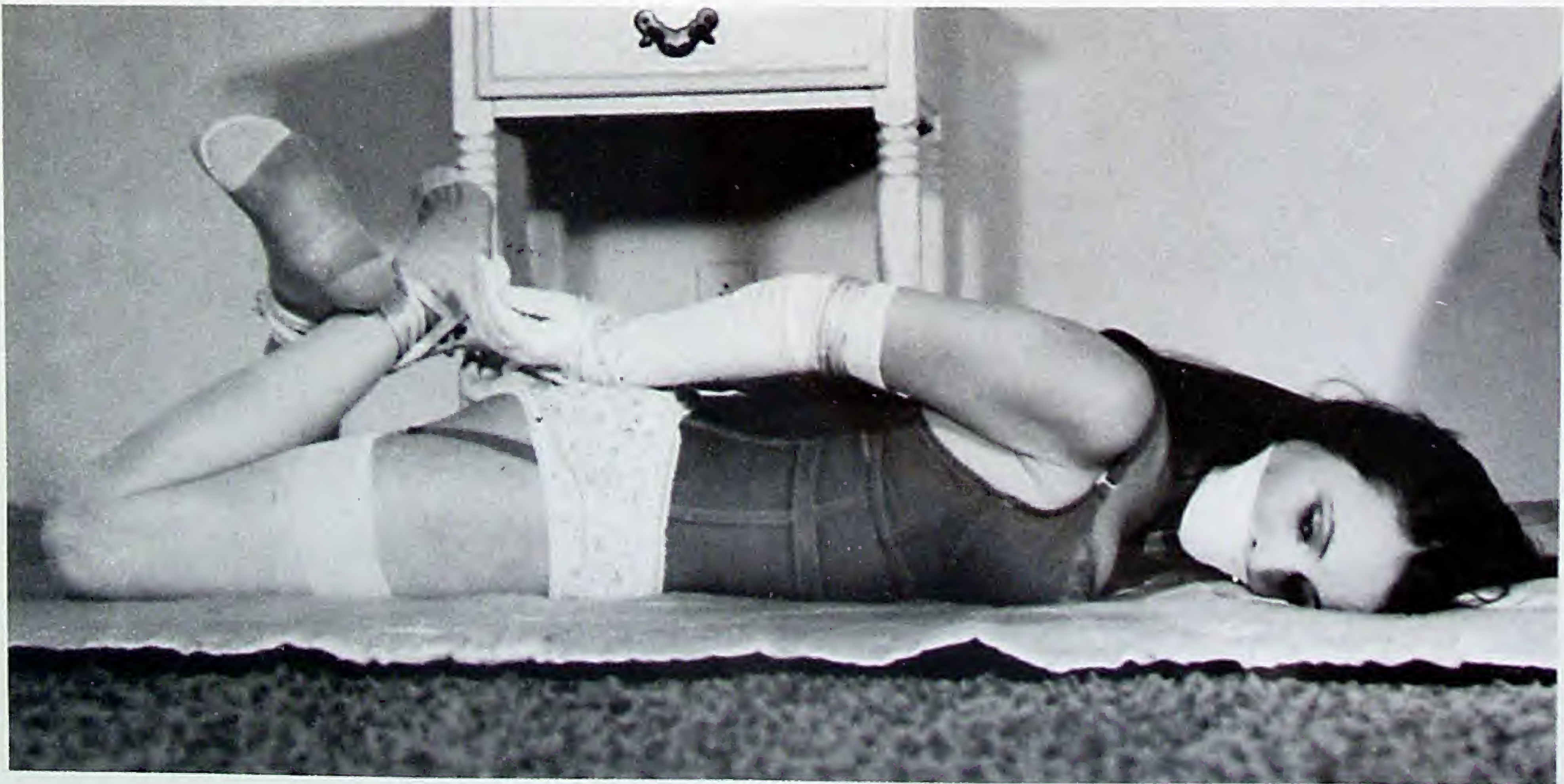
## THE VERY TIGHT BINDING AND GAGGING OF STEPHANIE STRAND

Figure out what you'd feel like dressed, tied and gagged like this. One thing you wouldn't feel is that you could get free by yourself. That would be impossible. Thank you, Stephanie.

















## STEPHANIE STRAND

This pretty bondee will be among the Bound Beauties of Harmony to be featured in next month's "The Bound Beauties of Harmony" magazine, which we believe to be our best publication to date. At least, the bondage is the best we've ev-er seen.





held several lengths of thin cord.

The wife came up behind me and steely claw-like hands gripped my arms, pulling them back. "Yes, they will do very well," she purred. For some reason I felt weak. I wanted to pull away but there was no strength in my effort to break her grip.

"I don't understand," I said. "Let me go. A joke's a joke, but I have to finish unpacking too," I repeated.

Mr. and Mrs. Bavaglia looked at each other and there was something about their silence that I did not like.

"I'm afraid that's quite out of the question, Ronnie," said the husband. You see, we can't have you around where you might spoil our plans."

"What plans?" I asked. Again I tried to pull away from the woman, who seemed almost to be towering over me. I had no success. My arms were held rigidly and my legs seemed to have turned to water.

Ignoring my question, Mr. Bavaglia went on, "Don't give us any trouble. There's nothing that you need to know except that we expect you to do exactly what we tell you. You have been drugged mildly, just so you won't give any fight now. And if you do what we tell you, Dear, you won't be hurt. Turn her around," he ordered his wife.

I was turned about as though I was a marionette with no will of my own, and my arms were gathered closer together behind my back. My wrists were crossed and held firmly together by the woman while her husband wound the cord about them. I tried to flinch away but already three windings had been made.

"My, you have slender wrists," remarked my male captor, "I'll have to make sure they're well secure. I'll wind them around her cuffs too," he said to his wife, "so that will stop the flesh from being too badly chafed, but it will be very tight." He suited the action to the words and I felt my fingers tingle.

It was done swiftly and the couple stepped back, releasing me with such suddenness that I nearly fell. I took a faltering pace towards the door but the woman now stood there, shaking her head with mock sorrow. "Oh no, you're not going anywhere," she smirked, "Sorry we have to frighten you like this. You're not important to us but we will have to keep you here for the next couple of days until our affairs are settled. We won't be able to keep you drugged all the time so it will be necessary to gag that pretty mouth of yours later. There's

no call for that right now, unless of course you start to make noise."

I shook my head vigorously.

"That's wise," she said with approval.

"The girl's too heavily sedated to cry out," remarked the husband, "Let's secure her and get on with our work."

I was led out of the room and up the wide stairs. They had almost to carry me the remaining distance into a narrow room which I found later was the house's attic. In it there was an old table, three heavy chairs with straight narrow backs, a dresser and wash basin, and a narrow mattress in the corner smelling of must. A blanket was thrown over the mattress and I was laid down on it. The drug I had taken with the wine was having more effect. I was only vaguely conscious of the husband tying my ankles together and when the light was switched out and the door closed the darkness flooded into my head and I knew nothing more.

I must have slept there all night, for when I finally opened my eyes there was sunlight streaming through the small window. My head ached abominably from the drug, some kind of sleeping tablet, and my arms, legs and body felt stiff. There was some feeling in my hands but they tingled whenever I tried to close my fingers. My arms ached from being fixed behind me for so long. I rolled awkwardly onto my side and looked around the narrow sordid little room. My suitcase stood against a wall. There were several coils of cord on the table. I shuddered. It was like a bad dream.

It must have been an hour later that I heard footfalls on the steps outside. A key turned in the lock and the narrow door opened. Mr. Bavaglia stood there. Without a word he stepped in, knelt beside me and after rolling me over inspected my bonds. He grunted with satisfaction.

"Can...can I have a drink of water?" I asked. Still without speaking, he went to the basin and poured some water from it into a tin mug. Returning, he sat me up and while supporting my back with one arm held the mug to my lips. I drank gratefully. My ankles were released and I was allowed to walk out to a bathroom. It was wonderful to have my hands free but I had to hurry while he waited impatiently outside the unlocked door. When helping me to my feet his pudgy hands had strayed along the calf of my leg and I felt revolted and frightened by him. I put up no re-

sistance while my wrists were bound behind me as before, and I walked docilely back to the room in the roof. I was soon sitting on the old mattress again with my ankles tied tightly together, the cords cinched in between them so that they held without any chance of slipping. My wrists were tied in a very tight criss-cross which made movement almost impossible.

Before he left, he opened my suitcase and after rummaging through it came up with a very long yellow-patterned white satin scarf. He folded it over a couple of times and knelt beside and a little behind me. I turned my head away.

"Please, I don't need a gag. I won't cry out, I promise. You don't have to gag me." The idea frightened me badly. At least with my mouth free I could plead with my captors. Being gagged removed the last freedom I had, now that I was securely bound hand and foot—like a heroine in one of those movie serials I used to watch as a kid.

"I'm afraid I must," he replied, "It won't hurt, and this is a clean cloth, your own scarf. But don't make me force it on you."

With tears stinging my eyes I turned my head back reluctantly.

"That's a good decision. Now put your head back and open your mouth."

I obeyed. The thick but narrow strip of satin was drawn in between my teeth and the ends tied behind my neck.

"Bend your head forward."

I did, and the single knot was pulled tight and doubled. The cloth was right between my teeth like the bit on a horse and I almost choked on it. There were still two long ends of it and one was wound around and drawn similarly between my teeth. This next layer filled the front part of my mouth. Finally, the remaining end was stretched taut across my cheeks and jaw and over my lips and mouth. The two ends were once again tied very tightly at the back of my neck after I had been made to bend my head forward a second time. I could neither open nor close my mouth properly and the slick but immovably tight material stifled me, made breathing difficult. There was no sound I could make which could penetrate beyond the walls of the room. My captor pushed me back down onto the mattress and left me lying there. He locked the door behind him.

I tested the cords at my wrists and ankles and ineffectually tossed my head from side to side in an attempt to loosen the gag. The thought of being



left for hours like this filled me with panic which I could hardly fight back. After an hour of struggling I lay spent and crying. My face felt feverish from the gag's tightness and my head pounded unbearably. There was no way out of the bonds, I had proved that. My stretching fingers had found only empty air. The knots were well out of reach. I thought about cutting my bonds on something. There was a mirror over the dresser and the water basin was cheap china. But the sound of something breaking would only bring one of my captors and I would be worse off than ever. I decided there were only two things I could do. First, if both the husband and wife left the house I could break the basin and free myself—once they were out of earshot. Secondly, I could wait until a visitor chanced by and try to attract his attention by either making a noise or signalling through the window. I decided to wait for one of these chances. There was nothing else I could do.

Lying awkwardly on my side with my head raised, I listened for any sound from the rooms below which might indicate that my captors were leaving the house. Slowly the time dragged by. There was an alarm clock on the dresser and I watched the hands crawl around its face. At three o'clock there was a sound in the hallway outside the door, the key turned in the lock and Mr. Bavaglia padded softly into the room. He knelt beside me and inspected my gag and the bonds at my wrists and ankles. I shrank away from the touch of his hands as they explored the line of my neck and my thighs revealed by the soft rayon skirt. He leaned closer and I whimpered involuntarily through the cloth filling my mouth. His attentions were stopped by an impatient call from his wife at the bottom of the stairs and hurriedly he rose, brushed himself clear of the dust which had gathered on his knees, and left the room. A few minutes later I heard the sound of the front door closing.

Struggling with difficulty to my feet, I hopped towards the small window. I had not dared to try that before in case I was heard. It was lucky that I was wearing shoes with heels not as high as usual for the evening. I was able to balance easier and when I reached the window the wall offered greater support. The glass was grimy but I was able to see enough onto the front drive as they drove away. My own car was not in sight. It must have been secreted somewhere else close to the house. I

realized suddenly how hopeless it would be if I could not escape. There would have been no sign of my presence at the other house and Peggy would assume that I did not get her message or had decided not to join her. Would they kidnap Peggy like they had done with me? Probably not, I decided. I guessed the couple believed I had seen that this house was being used, and whatever their scheme was it was obviously against the law and they would be more careful not to be seen in future.

And another thing, they might not be gone for long. I looked round quickly and taking short jumps made my way along the front edge of the dresser until my back was to the wash basin. I could still use my arms and in a couple of seconds the bowl lay shattered on the floor. It took me a long time but finally I managed to saw one strand of the cord about my wrists against a large broken piece so that it parted. For a moment I did not realize that my hands were free, then I tore with numbed fingers at the cloth wound between my teeth. Agonizingly, I worked the knots of my gag loose one by one until the creased material fell away from my face at last. My mouth felt dry and my jaw ached. My lips felt numb and the corners of my mouth and my cheeks were sore and chafed. By then circulation had returned to my fingers and it did not take as long to free my ankles.

I had to hold myself against the table when I took my first steps towards the door, then as I grasped the handle my heart froze. It was still locked. Bending down, I looked through the key hole and saw that the key had been left in the lock. There was an old trick that I had learned when I was young, that if you slipped a sheet of newspaper under a door it was possible to poke the key out of the lock so that it fell onto the paper, which was then drawn back into the room. There were some old newspapers under the mattress and the trick worked. I was free in the house.

For a moment I debated whether to take my suitcase with me. It was light so I decided in favour of the idea, and cautiously I descended the stairs to the large hallway that became virtually a room towards the front door. The house was in silence as I slipped through the door into daylight and freedom. It was after four o'clock. I had taken an hour to free myself of the bonds and this knowledge together with the uncertainty about whether the husband and wife would return gave me wings. I ran

down the gravel path and then onto the grass verge beside it so that my footfalls did not sound too loud. I was halfway to the main entrance which was hidden from my sight around a bend when I heard the motor of the returning car. Quickly I flung myself behind a large shrub and waited holding my breath. The engine's sound died a moment—they were probably opening the gate—and then grew louder and drew nearer. I buried my face in the soft grass as the dark shape of the car passed within a few feet of me.

It had no sooner passed out of sight than I scrambled to my feet and ran on towards the main road. In a few minutes they would discover that I was gone and would be searching for me. I reached the bend in the track and saw the gate ahead, closed as I had expected. I stumbled towards it. Then, as I crossed a flat area of grass the figure of the pudgy man emerged from behind a tree directly in front of me. Before I could think I had run into his arms. He may have been gross in size but he was also very strong and I was exhausted from running and paralyzed by the shock. He wasted no time in overpowering me. As the woman backed the car up the track to us, I stood drooping, my arms held tight behind me, a white handkerchief bound fast across my lips. I was bundled into the back of the car with my suitcase and as we drove on towards the house my wrists were bound together in front of me with a length of twine. The sharp scratchy fibres of the hemp bit painfully into my flesh and I gave no resistance after that. They had seen a glimpse of me as I ran from the house and when they stopped the car to open the gate the husband remained lying in wait for me. It was a simple plan and they executed it neatly. I was their prisoner again.

"You nearly got away from us, Ronnie, and that would have been the worse for us," said Mrs. Bavaglia, "so we'll make sure it can't happen again. And you," she said to her husband—"go and find more rope, plenty of it, and some of that black gaffer's tape. When we've finished with you my pretty," she said, returning her attention to me, "you'll be taped up and trussed so tight you won't twitch a muscle."

There was spitefulness in her voice and she kept to her word. I was hustled up the stairs and brought once more into the attic room and made to sit down in one of the chairs. The woman snatched up the piece of cord which



had been used to tie my ankles—the other piece had been cut too short—and dragged my arms behind me and around the back of the chair. I was pulled hard against the chair-back so that I had to sit very straight with my spine upright and my shoulders drawn back. My wrists were tied once again in a criss-cross over the cuffs of my sleeves. By that time the husband came puffing in carrying several more coils of clothesline cord. Thinner cord lay on the table which they had forgotten at first, and by then the woman was tying my ankles together with one long piece. The husband watched while she tied my legs together above the knees. Next she took one of the coils of clothesline from him and wound it tight around my waist and the chair-back. She did the same with two other lengths, winding around my body just below my breasts and just above the elbows with one and around my chest and upper arms above my breasts with the other, fastening them behind. Yet another length of clothesline was wound tightly three times over my thighs—across my lap and around the seat of the chair. Finally my ankles were lashed securely to one of the chair legs so that I had to sit with my legs slanted a little to one side. It was most uncomfortable sitting wedged immovably in this position and I squirmed and wriggled in the cords and rope, but nothing gave and all my struggles showed for it was a kind of shuddering of my body.

"There you moron," the woman said to her husband again, "That's how we should have fixed her before, so she can't move about. And just to make doubly sure, give me that tape."

She took from his hands a roll of black tape a little over two inches wide, and squatting down behind me she wound it very tightly about six times around my already bound wrists.

All this time the handkerchief had been fixed tightly over my mouth. It was now untied and roughly pulled away. A glass of water was held to my lips and I took a few sips. Then my mouth was dried on a hand towel and a strip of tape about eight inches long was cut from the roll.

"Tilt your head back and close your mouth with your lips together," ordered the woman.

I looked up at her. She stared down implacably at me, waiting. Again I had no choice but to obey. The heavy sticky cloth adhered immediately to my lips. The woman's strong fingers pressed

and kneaded it over the contours of my lips, cheeks and jaw-line so that it sealed tight like a second skin almost from ear to ear. As an experiment for a short story thriller I had once allowed myself to be tied into a chair with my wrists strapped to its arm-rests for a few minutes, and with a piece of medical adhesive tape over my lips. That tape had been tight enough, but what now sealed my mouth was pure horror. I simply could not move my lips at all. When I tried I succeeded only in hurting them. The workings of my jaw had no effect whatsoever in stretching or loosening the tape. Needless to say, the sound I could make through a tightly closed mouth was negligible.

"That's it, my girl," said the husband as he wound up the clock on the dresser, "You won't be moving from there in a hurry. If you need anything just call," he added cruelly as they closed and locked the door behind them, taking the key.

I was left alone again to explore this new state of helplessness. The chair was too heavy for me to rock and anyway I had a fear of turning it over while I was unable to break my fall. The bindings bit painfully into the soft flesh of my upper arms and I was glad of the flimsy protection given by the sleeves of my dress, although it was not much. As a kind of reaction against the gag I found myself shaking my head uselessly from side to side. Eventually I stopped struggling. Straining was the right word, for I was so tightly secured that struggle was out of the question. My wrists felt as though they were held by iron bands because of the lack of flexibility in the tape. Still, I found that it was a little more comfortable to have my mouth taped shut than for it to be tied open with cloth as it had been before.

Sitting there, I had a clear view of the clock on the dresser which now showed five-thirty. I could see also my reflection in the mirror. My auburn hair was tousled about my head and shoulders, there was a small bruise on my right cheek-bone just above the broad strip of tape sealing my mouth, and the flimsy pink scarf at my throat was creased. The bruise had been sustained earlier when Mr. Bavaglia roughly tied the handkerchief across my face in the first moments of my recapture. I liked wearing crisp smooth clothes and the sight of myself in such disarray hurt my pride. One of the front buttons of my shirt-dress was lost and another had come unfastened so that some of the

brown lace of my diaphanous bra showed through. I felt hot and a wash would have been welcome, but I knew from the thorough way in which I had been tied that my captors were unconcerned over my comfort. They had been earlier. Perhaps I should have remained bound hand and foot, quiet and without giving them any trouble. But then, I was paying for my natural bid for freedom and I had to take the consequences of failure. At least I tried, I thought to myself.

The present situation was quite hopeless. No matter how far I attempted to twist and turn, the bonds remained secure. Maybe the cord wound around my body and arms gave slightly, but that was only the knots being drawn imperceptibly tighter as I strained at them. There was insufficient slack to make escape even possible. The same applied to the bindings around my waist and legs. As for my wrists, there was no way in the world that they could be freed by myself alone. My attempts to call out through the tape at my mouth were ludicrous. It was possible only to make thin grunting sounds in my throat and head. In such an isolated house a more gallant captor might not have required that I be gagged, but these people were taking no further chances. After all, if a visitor were to come suddenly and knock at the door precious seconds would be lost getting to me before I could scream my head off. I saw the cold-hearted sense in how they were treating me though I hated every moment of it.

As twilight came, I could see the pine trees silhouetted against the greying sky through the window, and after an hour, flickering between their moving branches could be seen a light from Peggy's house. It was so far away. I was frightened badly, my body ached from the rigid way in which I was bound to the chair, I was hot and feverish from the gag. More than anything else however, my feminine pride was hurt by the indignity of being roped-up in this way and my whole spirit rebelled and shrank from the cords so tightly embracing me.

It must have been after nine o'clock that Mr. Bavaglia came up the stairs to check my bonds for the night. Before turning on the light, he drew a black shade over the window so that the presence of people in the house would not be advertised to the world outside. With trembling fingers he stroked my thighs and calves and fitted his hands over my breasts. I could feel him be-



coming more excited, his breathing heavier as his hands slipped further beneath my bra. I heaved in revulsion, or rather tried to do so. I could still do no more than quiver in the ropes. Fortunately his time was short and in answer to a call from his wife he left me in peace. I sat in the dark shivering, praying that he would not come later in the night. The blind had been left drawn over the window so there was not even the consolation of star light. I steeled myself to sit out the night, alone in darkness, cramped, stifled. I cried a little. And, surprisingly, I managed to drift off to sleep occasionally. Tied as I was however, most of the night was a sleepless torment.

I did not know for sure that morning had come until there was enough light outside for a thin ray to seep through a tear in the window-blind. Throughout the night I had sat with my head drooping. My neck was stiff. There seemed to be no feeling left in my arms. A sound at the door made me lift my head. I had been so stupified by the long enclosed night that I failed to hear one of my captors approaching up the stairs. This time it was the woman. Once again my bonds were inspected, and she stood looking at me with total satisfaction.

"No tricks from you last night eh? Well," she continued, "Our work is nearly done and we will be gone by this afternoon—out of the country. So it doesn't matter, by the way, that you've seen our faces. We're not going to do you any harm. We promised that in the beginning you know." She stooped forward and stroked my hair. Her face was not so hard. "I know we've given you a rough time. That was because you tried to get away. I guess I can't blame you. But I'll tell you what we're going to do now. You'll be left here for a day or two. We catch a plane out tonight and before we leave we'll post a letter to the police saying where you are. That should only take a day, so you should be free some time on Tuesday. You can have a meal and freshen-up and change if you like; we'll allow that much. But you'll have to be tied again before we leave. Do you accept that?" I nodded. "Good," she continued, "You can be out of those ropes for a couple of hours."

Carefully and painfully, the tape was peeled away from my face. It was such a relief to breathe properly again that I ignored the stinging and the rawness which was left. The tape was removed from my wrists, and the remaining cords, and I was laid on the mattress

until some of my strength came back. Water was brought to me, and food. After about an hour I was steady enough to walk to the bathroom where a glorious hot shower washed a lot of my stiffness away. I took the opportunity to change into fresh clean clothes: pink bra, pants and suspender belt, light blue stockings and matching shoes, a smart crisp white blouse, blue rayon skirt and narrow belt in black, and a matching blue business jacket. I remembered the pressure of the ropes on my arms and decided that the long sleeves of the blouse and jacket would cushion the bonds I had shortly to endure once more. Feeling a lot better, I stepped out. Mrs. Bavaglia was waiting for me and I was escorted back to the attic room where the husband sat waiting in a chair.

After some discussion, they decided that I could lie on the mattress. "You'll be trussed so tight it won't matter," said the woman. I lay on my face at their bidding and obediently put my arms behind my back. My wrists were tied together criss-cross like before, and taped securely again. Cords were tied tightly around my arms above the elbows and they were drawn back and secured to my body, so that my arms were fixed immoveably into the small of my back similar to how they had been when I was in the chair. Above and below my breasts and around my waist several windings were fastened. My ankles and legs above and below my knees were bound tight. I would be able to roll from one side to the other with some difficulty and even to sit up, with an effort, but my freedom of movement was extremely limited. However, the couple guessed that it might be possible for me to get to the mirror and break it or in some other way work myself free before the appointed time, so they very cleverly anchored me down to the mattress. A long piece of cord was tied around my arms just below my breasts and its ends passed right around the mattress where they were tied together. Another long piece was fastened in the same way around my ankles. These cords had sufficient slack in them to allow me to change my position occasionally, rolling from one side to the other. I was not lashed rigidly to the mattress although that would have been possible. I was glad of this and in a sense was now a willing prisoner. Knowing that I would not be harmed and would eventually be released made all the difference.

The couple went below and packed. I could hear them moving around in the house. They returned to inspect me for the last time.

"She needs gagging," said Mr. Bavaglia.

"I know," replied the woman, and she walked across to the table on which the roll of black gaffer's tape stood. "We can use this," she said, turning to me, "or a handful of your scarves. Which ever way we have to be sure you make no noise. Which is it to be?"

"If I had a real choice I'd rather not be gagged at all," I replied, "Couldn't you just leave me like this? The house is so isolated that nobody would hear me even if I did cry out for help." But all the woman did was shake her head, a little sadly.

"No, don't you understand we can't take *any* chances that you'll get loose before the police find you. So make up your mind. What will it be, tape or silk?"

"Tape, please," I said in a small voice.

Defeated, I tilted my head back and lay with my eyes closed while my mouth and lips were sealed once again under the sticky unyielding material.

In a few minutes they were gone. They had left the key in the door this time. I had no hope of getting out of this predicament.

An hour of struggling proved that I was as helpless as I had been the previous night roped to the chair. I had been made as comfortable as possible under the circumstances and it had been a wise move to wear my jacket. The Sunday wore on. I tossed and turned and managed to sleep fitfully, catching up on the sleep lost the night before. I was distressed most by the tape at my mouth which made breathing always difficult, and by the end of the day I was slightly feverish again. The blinds had been raised so at night I could see the stars. When morning came I struggled anew at my bonds, and just as unsuccessfully. By midday I was exhausted and had gone into shock of some kind. I felt languid. There was nothing to be done but to wait rescue, and that was another day away. The clock had run down and only the change from light to twilight to dark gave me any idea of the time which elapsed.

Another night, then morning. It was Tuesday. I lay still throughout the morning listening for any sound. The walls of the house were thick and not even the sounds of nature, the singing of birds or



the wind, could be heard. The afternoon crawled by. Evening came and still no rescue. I spent that night tossing and struggling intermittently in panic. When Wednesday came I was weak and thoroughly exhausted and my throat was dry from thirst. And then in the afternoon there was the sound of a car's tires crunching on the gravel of the drive outside. I lifted my head unbelievably. Footsteps came heavily and cautiously up the stairs, the door opened. Amid a confused babble of voices I felt the cords fall away and fingers begin to work at a corner of the tape covering my mouth. I was free. □

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# Movie Bondage Reference GUIDE

Allen Marburger's 'Bondage Fantasies in Popular Entertainment' was the first serious attempt at an extensive listing of bondage scenes in films and on television, and it established him as the undisputed scholar in the field. He is now planning a completely revised edition, tentatively available by the first of September, 1979.

Those familiar with the first edition know that Marburger has exhaustively researched his subject and expresses his findings and his observations in a thoroughly readable way, making his listing both a solid source of fact and an invitation to browse as well. Film titles, actresses, plot descriptions, psychological insights: His references run from brief mention of forgettable

scenes to detailed descriptions of his favorite films, such as 'Return of Monte Cristo,' of which the following is just a sample:

"I trust you won't be too uncomfortable, Countess," he says as he finishes tying her bonds. The camera cuts to a full view of her snugly bound form. Her hands, tied in front of her, are secured to her waist, and heavy coils and cross hitches of rope have reshaped her voluminous dress train and petticoats..."

Professionally printed, the book will be at least 100 pages long. Cost: \$30 a copy, including first-class postage. Send orders to Allen Marburger, Box 20, Lake of the Woods, Locust Grove, Virginia 22508.



### Answers to Movie Quiz

1. C
2. G
3. A
4. B
5. C
6. E
7. C
8. F
9. D

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and clad only in her black nightie and white panties. Her hands were fixed in back of her and there must have been thirty feet of rope wrapped around her body from toe to shoulders. A leather collar attached her neck to the clothesbar in the closet which caused the unfortunate girl to stand straight up even though she looked dead tired. Her mouth was covered with a white handkerchief and there was no telling what had been stuffed inside it. Leslie's brand of cruelty was really beginning to show now. Poor Teri had obviously been standing there all night. Leslie said she had spanked her sister last night and would have left it at that. But then she discovered that she had fed Joyce and the tableau in the closet was the result.

Leslie released the collar from the clothesbar and Teri's lovely figure slumped to the floor in a heap. "Goodby, Joyce," chirped Leslie with her hands on her hips. "Have a nice day at work." Joyce frowned as she ambled to the garage in short steps. She was extremely hobbled by the straps around her legs and the chain made a rattle that she knew would be embarrassing at work. She was worried sick about Teri but she knew there was nothing she was going to do about it. Neither Leslie nor Teri was due anywhere that day so Teri would be at the older girl's mercy all day. Joyce realized that Leslie's peculiarities were becoming more relentless as time went on. She did not know exactly what to expect when she returned home at five that afternoon, but she had a pretty good estimate. When she walked into the recreation room at the back of the house, she saw that Leslie had flipped out completely and she knew that she and Teri were in big trouble. Leslie was lying back on the sofa with her feet propped up. She had just come in from the pool and was drying her long brown hair with a towel. Her figure was barely concealed by the clinging red bathing suit she wore and she looked very lovely, but very menacing. The horror was that her feet were propped up on Teri! The younger sister was bound, gagged and on her knees in front of Leslie. Worse, she was attired in a degrading little rubber maid's outfit complete with thigh-length rubber stockings. She was gagged with a rubber plug and her head was topped with a little rubber maid's cap.

"Joyce, Darling," Leslie smiled at her aghast stepmother. "I'm so glad to see you. Come join us, Dear."

Joyce closed the back door and leaned against it with a heavy sigh. She frowned sadly in Teri's direction and then stared daggers at Leslie. Teri was completely at her older sister's mercy, bound and gagged as she was and being used as Leslie's footstool. And the humiliating rubber maid's costume Teri was wearing only served to intensify her position. Leslie had finished drying her hair and was now beginning to file her nails. She recrossed her legs on top of Teri's back and fixed the strap on her bathing suit before she spoke.

"It's so nice to have you back from work, Joyce. Teri and I have missed you. Have you had a pleasant day?" Leslie's voice was pleasant and sweet but her tone carried a wry menace. "Teri has been such a good girl. She's been serving my needs all day even though she didn't sleep a wink all night. Stand up, Teri. Daddy's new wife is home."

The unfortunate teenager wrestled herself to a standing position with great difficulty for all her bindings. She appeared exhausted to the point of semiconsciousness. Joyce lost all control. "Leslie, you've gone too far," she shouted. "Neither your sister nor I can take any more of this. I'm going to get hold of your father and get him off that oil rig if I have to dial every phone in Louisiana. He'll straighten you out when he gets here."

"Put down the phone, Joyce," Leslie warned. She arose and stood beside Teri with her legs spread and her hands firmly on her hips. Her filmy red bathing suit combined with her healthy tan to make her appear like a wild woman at bay. Joyce continued to dial the phone and Leslie slapped her sister in the belly with the back of her hand. Teri let out a muffled cry and doubled over. When Joyce began to hesitate, Leslie placed her hand on her sister's bottom and quickly shoved her forward, spilling her head-first on the floor. Joyce dropped the phone and lunged for her hapless daughter, forgetting that Leslie had hobbled her at the knees under her skirt that morning. She hit the floor with a thump right after Teri and started to crawl toward her. Leslie was on top of her instantly. Within seconds, Joyce's hands were tied behind her back and her eldest step-daughter was stuffing a handkerchief in her mouth. An ace bandage was produced from nowhere and wound around her mouth. Having fastened this in place, Leslie had effectively silenced her stepmother. Her foot snaked under Joyce's belly and rolled over so that she was staring wide-eyed up at her captor. Now she was in trouble.

She sat down on Joyce's hips and stroked her cheek just above the gag. "Joyce, Dear. I'm hurt that you don't trust me to take good care of Teri. I love her just as much as I love you. Only please try to understand that I do these things for your own welfare. If I can get you and Teri to learn where your places are, people will like you much more and you'll both be happier." She arose and looked around to find her tote bag from which she extracted a dog collar and leash. "I'm afraid I'll have to withhold your dinner," she sighed as she fastened the collar around Joyce's neck. She then unfastened the older woman's skirt and pulled it down over her hips. When the skirt had been removed, the leash was brought down in front and pushed between her legs. Leslie ordered Joyce to stand and brought the leash up over her bottom and attached it to her bound wrists. Joyce was totally subjugated. She was bound, gagged, collared and dressed only in a blouse and panties.

"Teri's already eaten today so she shouldn't need dinner either," Leslie said with a calm smile. "I'm going to put her to bed now. She's so tired and she has done very well today." Leslie helped Teri up and prodded both women up the stairs and into Teri's bedroom. She removed her sister's bindings save for the gag and then stripped her down to her white panties. The poor teenager's hands were retied and she was told to lie face down on the bed. Her ankles were then tied to the bedposts as Joyce's had been the night before. As the two women left the room, Leslie said goodnight and flipped off the light. She then locked her older captive in the master bedroom closet and went off to change out of her bathing suit. She would dine out that evening alone. Joyce sat in the darkness and cried.

Leslie changed into a dress, fixed her hair and went out to one of the local restaurants for dinner. She ordinarily detested eating alone, but her thoughts were too involved with events at home to carry on normal conversation with anyone. As she ate, she recalled how surprised and awkward she felt on her first experience with bondage at the university last year. The housemother of her dormitory considered bondage a way of life. Leslie had been bound and gagged quite often then and really became accustomed to it before long. Her final transition came about after she had been there a few months and was invited to assist in the discipline of the newer girls. She decided then that bondage was good and that it would become a way of life for her also. She had de-



monstrated a unique inventiveness which impressed the housemother enough to make her an assistant in the area of discipline. Finally, the housemother asked Leslie to bind her for the night and Leslie knew that this would be her station in life from that point on—she was made for it. When summer vacation rolled around, she couldn't wait to get home and demonstrate her newly developed talent for her family. A sly grin crept stealthily across her lips as she tossed these thoughts around. Her reverie was halted abruptly when a familiar face appeared at the entrance to the restaurant.

Michele had apparently come to eat directly from work. She was attired in a smart looking pants suit and her shoulder-length blonde tresses danced pertly around her face as she spoke to the hostess. Leslie's mind raced as she formulated her plan of action. She had decided last night to put a gag in this girl's mouth someday and now it seemed that this would be the day. Michele was being escorted to a table across the room when Leslie waved at her and caught her eye.

"Leslie," Michele said enthusiastically, "how nice to see you again." Leslie tossed her head in a girlish smile and invited Michele to eat with her. The conversation began easily but some explanation was in order.

"Joyce was just sick at having missed you last night," she began. "She told me when she got home last night that there had been some sort of emergency at the store and her associate called her in. In all the rush, she had forgotten to tell anyone where she was going. And she was very ashamed at having forgotten about you. I guess she called you at work today."

"No," replied the lovely blonde, "at least I don't think so. Maybe she left a message and I never got it." The conversation turned to small talk and Leslie was directing it with uncanny expertise. She told the older woman how much she appreciated her interest in her stepmother. She indicated that Joyce had found real happiness and security in their relationship. As their dinner together came to a finish, Leslie invited her prey over to the house where they would visit with Joyce.

Joyce became vaguely aware of the voices downstairs as she awoke from her tortured slumber. Her breathing was labored from the gag and she was still groggy but she distinctly heard lighthearted voices coming from the living room. "I'm so sorry, Michele," said Leslie, "but it looks like we're alone again. Joyce left a note in the kitchen. She has to work late again and she won't be home till ten. But please stay. I'd love to get to know you better. Would you like something to drink?" Michele was unsure of what to say. Her day had been long and she was tired, but this beautiful young girl had a magnetism about her. "I was going to make some tea for myself, but I'll get you anything you want." "Scotch," was the woman's reply. Michele had made her decision. Leslie fixed the drinks and brought them in. "I have an idea," she said excitedly. "Why don't we go for a swim in our pool. I'm sure you'll look simply marvelous in one of Joyce's bathing suits." Michele agreed. Something tingled inside her at the thought of seeing this voluptuous brunette in a bathing suit. She mused to herself at how interesting this evening was becoming. Leslie bounded up the stairs two at a time and ran into her stepmother's bedroom. Without a word, she opened the closet door, forced the helpless occupant to a standing position and roped her neck to the clothesbar. Now Joyce could not even move. Leslie called down to Michele and asked her to come up and try on a swimsuit.

Leslie handed Michele a purple bikini when she entered the bedroom and told her she could change in the bathroom. When Michele thanked her, Joyce realized with a terrible certainty that her stepdaughter's houseguest was her new lover. She struggled in the closet against her bonds, but this resulted only in frustration. She tried to make noise through her gag, but it was futile. She heard Michele return and her eyes watered up again. "Please, Leslie," thought Joyce. "Please leave Michele out of this." But she knew better. Michele was talking cheerfully with her new young friend as she paraded her nearly nude figure around the room. She was trying to tantalize without appearing too obvious. Leslie stepped up to the silk-haired beauty, reached out and rested her palm on Michele's hip. The drugged scotch had not yet taken effect.

"Joyce has such a nice new friend. And she's so beautiful. Michele, I want to be your friend too." There was her cue. Michele leaned forward and kissed Leslie softly on the lips. Joyce was going mad listening to all this. Michele hugged Leslie and led her quietly over to the bed. They lay side by side for a few minutes, talking and caressing each other's hair. Michele was displaying her lovely curves by constantly changing position. But she was growing unaccountably drowsy. She was methodically removing the younger girl's clothing, but she had to lay back heavily on the bed when Leslie was down to bra and panties. Leslie bid her to turn over on her stomach and stroked her back until her eyes fell shut. She was out like a light before long. The triumphant captor smiled and jumped up with a giggle. She threw open the closet door so Joyce could see what had happened to her new girlfriend. Her stepmother begged silently as Leslie became excited with her new captive.

"Joyce," Leslie beamed sarcastically, "Look who's here!" Saying this, she unfastened Joyce's neck from the clothesbar and led her slowly over to the bed. She placed her on her side next to Michele and tied her ankles to the bedpost. Joyce was crying relentlessly now but the only sound she made was an occasional snuffle. Leslie bounced playfully over to the other side of the bed and started to run her hand all over the sleeping woman's body. She cupped Michele's breasts in her palms and gave Joyce a curt little wink. "Wouldn't you love to do that?" she said. Then she went back to work. A few pieces of rope bound the sleeping captive at the ankles, knee and wrists (these being secured behind her back). Then she gagged Michele with a white handkerchief and stepped back to observe her efforts. The irony of these two women sleeping together bound and gagged was exciting to Leslie but the scene in front of her was lacking something. It was not sensual enough. Leslie then added the final touch. After tying Michele's ankles to the other bedpost, she took a pair of scissors and cut off Joyce's blouse, leaving her clad only in bra and panties. Then she tied each woman's elbows together which served to push out their heaving breasts against their straining brassieres. Finally, Leslie scrambled onto the bed and, grabbing each woman at the hips, moved them up against each other face to face. A couple of belts to join the lovers at the waist and knees and the sleeping arrangements had been completed. Both Joyce and Michele were nearly nude and their bodies were pressed firmly against one another. "After all," Leslie thought, "wasn't this what they wanted. Sleep well, Darlings. Tomorrow's a big day if you only knew."

End of Chapter One

*By a Reader in Texas*



# PARTING SHOTS

Lest we leave you with the erroneous impression that Anna Neider is just a pushover (because of our having helped Teri Davis overturn her in some earlier photos), we gave Anna some rope, denying Teri our help this time, and bid Anna to have at it. The result is one of the sweetest bondage poses, some of the tightest ropes and one of the most enticing gags we've ever seen. Giving credit where it is due, this terrific bondage of Teri Davis should be called "Bondage by Anna."









# BONDAGE LIFE MOVIE PHOTO QUIZ



1 C



2 G



3 A



4 B



5 C



6 E



7 C



8 F



9 G

Seven—count 'em—seven lovely ladies of the Cinema—gagged prettily for your motion picture entertainment. One of the ladies appears in three of these photos, while we've assigned one picture each to the other six actresses. Your assignment—should you choose to accept it—is completely possible: figure out which lovely gag belongs to which lovely screen lass.

Answers on page 73. All photos courtesy Ira Kramer of Movie Star News, 212 East 14th Street, New York, New York 10003.

- A. Anne Jeffries "Step By Step"
- B. Debra Paget "The Most Dangerous Man Alive"
- C. Dolores Hart "Sail A Crooked Ship"
- D. Ann Sheridan "Car 99"
- E. Jean Peters "Apache"
- F. Shirley Eaton "The Saint"
- G. Shirley Maclaine "Artists & Models"



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